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178, Regent Street.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD AND HER SON.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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"THEN AND NOW"

SURELY it is a happy coincidence that the privileges of reading Lord Dufferin's noble address, as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, and of musing upon Dean Hole's "Then and Now". (from which the title of this article is borrowed) should have been given to the intelligent world almost simultaneously. Diplomatist and Dean, orator and writer, sing to "One clear harp in divers tones"; both compare the past, as they knew it in its various aspects, with the present, and each pronounces the advantage to lie, on the whole, with the present. Yet each of them is a critic, that is to say, a real judge, not to be persuaded to say, or to prophesy, smooth things merely for the sake of giving pleasure; and neither of them is in the least degree blind to the failings and the dangers of our generation. The reflections of such men, widely divergent as their experience has been, are obviously pearls of wisdom and sagacity, and they would be ill requited if it should turn out that they have cast them before swine.

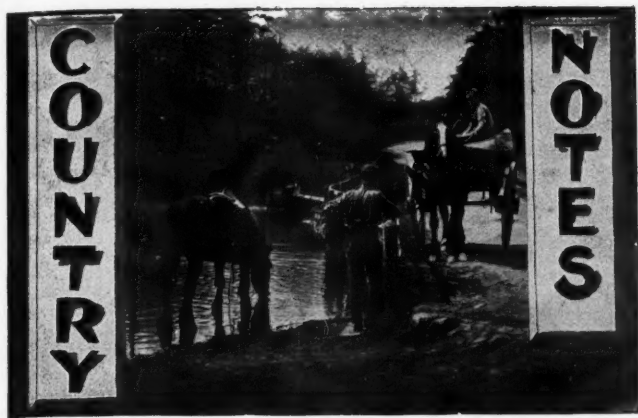
Vast, indeed, has been the difference between the life's work of these two typical servants of Queen and King and country. Lord Dufferin has seen men and cities with a completeness rarely given to men of any age. From those days of delightful roaming, which gave to us "Letters from High Latitudes" as a possession for ever, until quite recent times, he was continually the occupant of diplomatic positions of the highest responsibility and of the nicest delicacy, and he has never failed to succeed abundantly. As Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada—a post which yields to none other in the Empire for difficulty—he won golden opinions, and these he secured by dint of the same qualities which made for his diplomatic triumphs. He had dignity of appearance, which counts for something, and dignity of mind, which counts for a great deal more. Of statesmanlike sagacity, of old-world courtesy, of tact in speech and action, of judgment and of sincerity, he had such a share as is rarely given to man; and when occasion called for it the hand

of steel could make itself felt in unmistakable fashion through the soft tissue of the velvet glove. In a word, Lord Dufferin has been an ideal diplomatist, to whom his country owes more than men will ever fully realise, a man doubtless without fear, and certainly without reproach. So high indeed does his character stand in the public esteem that when, some years ago, he was found to have been entangled in the snares and pitfalls of the schemes of the City (who invariably treat peers as eels are proverbially treated, and skin them alive), not a voice was raised against him, and one felt that to have placed Lord Dufferin in a position of humiliation was to have committed an offence akin to sacrilege. Of quite another kind has been Dean Hole's journey through the vale of years. He has, to use his own words, "lived a long life, as a squire and a parson, a churchman and a sportsman, in country and city, with high and low," and it has been wisely suggested to him that he should have something to say which would interest others about the changes which he has seen. Here then are two wise men who give to us freely from the treasure of their experience.

Let us therefore walk hand in hand with these two men of different lives, gathering up it may be a forgotten flower by the wayside with our own hand, and consider how far, if at all, we are better off and better disposed than our fathers, and where danger lies. Upon the marked contrast between our Imperial position now and that which we occupied a hundred years ago, on which Lord Dufferin laid great stress, it is not for us to linger. Suffice it to say, that never in the history of the world has any empire entered upon a century, or upon any other period of national existence, with a heritage comparable to that which is ours, in the widest sense of the word, under King Edward. Beyond that, in some of the things which go to make a nation great or small there has been a wonderful improvement. Duelling, the most senseless and the most barbarous of institutions, has gone by the board; cock-fighting and prize-fighting are dead; drunkenness is no longer regarded as a venial offence among persons calling themselves gentlefolk; birth, although it has its uses, is no longer a passport to society; and snobbishness, the giant that Thackeray crippled, has little of its ancient strength. Education is less brutal, more thorough, and more practical. So much for the pleasant side; but there are home-truths also in these discourses which have been chosen for a text. Dean Hole notices evidence of a decadence of the chivalrous feeling which men ought to have for women. Lord Dufferin observes that "educated and clever women have been the first to break through the barriers of propriety and lead the way into the sickly groves of Astarte." He notes, too, that our stage plays have teemed of late with unsavoury allusion, that our literature is not without reproach in this respect, and that the nocturnal aspect of the streets of London is simply heartbreaking. Lord Dufferin is a witness of truth, although we think he exaggerates the case against our literature. That is not, in our judgment, in nearly so degraded a state as it was some years ago, when, because some writers of real artistic power were not over-nice in their conceits, others, without the artistic capacity, concluded that to be foul was to be essentially artistic. But as to our stage plays, and as to the state of London streets, Lord Dufferin is undoubtedly right. The first question asked of man or woman who has been entertained at a theatre is, "Can I take my daughters to it?" And, when that has been done, there remains the reflection that the homeward drive will be through brilliantly illuminated scenes which even the innocence of childhood or maidenhood can hardly fail to comprehend. Our conversation, too, or the conversation which one hears in Society, tends to merge frankness and freedom in sheer licence. These things, and the decay of chivalry, in the best sense of the word, go hand in hand, and they are very disheartening. But they are curable. As our literature has been purified not a little of late, so the stage may be cleansed, and conversation may grow more worthy of gentle men and of gentle women; and that will be a great thing, for never truer words were spoken than those of Sir Galahad: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." The converse is every whit as true, and it is high time that we looked to our house in this matter of purity. It is easily done. Reviewers and honest folk have almost hounded noisome literature out of existence. The same process might well be applied to questionable plays, and still more questionable anecdote. Cleanliness of mind is the surest foundation of national vigour; and we shall need all our vigour, and all our energy, in the years to come.

Our Portrait Illustrations

OUR frontispiece for this week is a portrait of the Marchioness of Waterford, who before her marriage was Lady Beatrix Frances Fitzmaurice, daughter of the fifth Marquess of Lansdowne. The country seats of the Marquess of Waterford are Curraghmore in Ireland, and Ford Castle, Northumberland. On page 652 we give a portrait of the Earl of Gifford and his brothers, sons of the Marquess of Tweeddale.



AT last what is called the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, concerning a canal between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean, has been signed in its draft form. The subject is one in which the leader-writers of the great newspapers affect to believe that the public is intensely interested, but as a matter of fact it is one which is rarely discussed, and still more rarely understood, in places where men assemble together. We remember a time, on another and a more serious paper, when, if a subject for a leading article were lacking, refuge was taken as a matter of course either in the Atlantic-Pacific Canal, or in the Triple Alliance, as stock subjects, in the treatment of which no harm could be done. Meanwhile in relation to the so-called treaty we note one point in which the Constitution of the United States gives them a distinct advantage in a bargain. Lord Pauncefote and Lord Salisbury can and do bind this country absolutely; Mr. Hay and President Roosevelt require the endorsement of the Senate.

The accounts of the settlement of Johannesburg, coming through Laffan's agency, really do seem to show that we are actively at work in beginning to live in the house that we have taken, to quote Lord Milner's classic words. The demand for houses on lease is said to be so great that already they are difficult to obtain. A "frontage" of 100ft., with a depth of 50ft., has been sold for £35,000. This was at the corner of Pritchard Street. It is in this manner, as we may suppose, that the long-deferred end of the war ultimately will arrive—that the towns and the country will by slow degrees begin to settle down on the lines upon which they have entered already, and there is every probability that the representatives of the Boer party in Europe will continue to affirm their unflinching determination that the war shall proceed for many weeks after anything like a state of even guerilla warfare has ceased to exist in South Africa. We have not arrived at that consummation yet, but every weekly report from Lord Kitchenet seems to bring it nearer.

One of the best indications that we have been able to congratulate ourselves on for a long while is contained in the news that several once prominent members of the Afrikaner Bond are severing themselves from all connection with it, and entering upon a crusade to condemn it for encouraging the racial feeling which has brought so much disaster on the afflicted land of South Africa. Doubtless its object always was the fostering of such a feeling. The sign of hope is contained in the changed sentiments of some leaders of Colonial Dutch opinion in perceiving that racial feeling is prejudicial to all well being in the Colony. They also complain bitterly of deception and desertion by the Bond leaders. With this change of opinion announced from Graaf Reinnet, the highest of the high places of the Bond, we may hope to see a very marked improvement in the general position of affairs in South Africa so soon as the weather shall cease to be favourable to the mobility of the much harassed commandoes which still remain in the field.

It would be impossible to ignore the letter about Stonehenge which has been addressed to the Wilts County Council, signed, as it is, among others, by Lord Monkswell, Professor Flinders Petrie, and Sir W. Martin Conway, to say nothing of the other men of light and leading. Yet it would be very unfair to blame Sir Edmund Antrobus. The fall of the great stone on the last night of the century placed him in a difficult position. Action of some sort was rendered imperative by the fact that this occurrence, in a manner of speaking, "let in the wind," and in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, further disaster was unavoidable unless prompt steps were taken. Under the circumstances, Sir Edmund did not act in any arbitrary manner, but, after giving full publicity to the situation thus created, called into council experts and learned societies. Subsequently he acted strictly under their advice, and the country is indebted to him for preserving the monument. For this he is entitled to credit,

whatever opinion may be entertained on the points of law raised by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and his co-signatories. Enlightened opinion, as a matter of fact, has been quite clear on the point. A national heritage like Stonehenge ought not to be in the possession of any private person, but should be acquired and guarded by the State. The question of price ought not to present any difficulty that could not be fairly and equitably solved. Evidently, if the stones are a private possession, and the owner is at great outlay to preserve them, he is entitled to charge for admission; but surely England is rich enough, and proud enough of her past, to arrange that this shall not so continue.

In his speech on naval construction at Berlin the Kaiser told an amusing yarn, to use a naval word. Inspired by naval zeal in early years, he asked of an officer of experience the meaning of the word "metacentrum." "The answer I received was that the officer himself did not know exactly what it was, and that it was a secret"; which reminds one of the amusing play "Are You a Mason?" now running in London. But, further, the man of the sea "could only say that if 'metacentrum' were in the maintruck the vessel would capsize." Being no less ignorant than the officer as to the meaning of the term, we were driven to the ignominious process of looking it out, and we learn that metacentrum, or metacentre, is "the point at which an upward thrust could be equivalent to the pressure of water upon a floating body which has received a slight rotational displacement about one of the principal axes of its section of flotation." Truly explanations are of wonderful help to the enquiring student.

"An experiment was made with a shirt-front, stiffened by this strange material, which remained quite undisturbed on receiving a shot sent from a revolver at a distance of two yards." This is positively the highest point reached in an account of a bullet-resisting composition said to have been invented by Signor Ernesto Benedetto, a young Italian; and it is added that the compound, which is lighter and cheaper than steel, neutralises the effect of the bullet by turning it inside out. Our Government is solemnly invited to follow the alleged example of the Italian authorities, and to look into this "discovery" seriously. Of course it will do nothing of the kind. Devices which pretend to defy all the ascertained laws of force have been tried and found wanting or fraudulent over and over again, witness the bullet-proof clothing and the Magnetic Lady of a few years ago; and this shirt-front allegation has the merit of giving to the latest dodge that touch of the absurd which renders scientific investigation entirely unnecessary. In fact, *exit* Munchausen.

"Take her to the dressmaker, and order a perfectly plain dress of a soft grey colour, fitting closely to the figure, without any trimming, and a big black hat, also as simple as possible." Such, we learn from Mr. Barry O'Brien's "Life," were the orders given by the great Sir Charles Russell when he was about to appear for the plaintiff in a breach of promise case, in which he ultimately got £10,000 damages. Also he expected those ladies whom he might represent in the Divorce Court at least to affect sorrow by appearing in black dresses. These, we take it, are among the best and the most characteristic stories of the advocate and judge who, having passed away, is now worthily commemorated; and they are not less practical than human. They will appeal very forcibly to the practising barrister, who knows, from bitter experience very often, how hopeless is the task of pleading for solace to a broken heart to a jury who have seen his client dressed like a fashion model, bejewelled and bedizened, all airs and graces and affectation. The hint embodied in the anecdote is one which solicitors would do well to follow.

One of the most distressing things in a gale such as we had last week is the way in which all the men of one family will be wiped out in a day by the loss of a single boat. This comes of the invariable custom of the fishing folk for members of the same family to go out in one vessel. One would think that, sensible of the precarious nature of their work, they would divide themselves among different boats when going on a fishing expedition, so that the loss of a craft would not mean such utter destitution to a family. This was particularly noted in the great October gale, where, in several instances, the father and every son were lost in the same wreck, and in the recent storm the loss of at least one boat is reported on the East Coast in which three brothers were drowned simultaneously. In this case the deceased were all fine young men in the pride of youth, their ages being twenty-eight, twenty-two, and nineteen. One dare not think what such a tragedy must mean in some homes.

A useful result of fogs, generally deemed the most useless of all forms of weather, is suggested in the *Spectator*. Everyone must have noticed that during fogs and mists the trees condense quantities of water from the fog, which falls to the ground in drops from the leaves or bare twigs. Twice the quantity of water was caught under a tree during a recent fog and dew that

was caught in a vessel of the same size placed in the open to receive the direct dew-fall. But the fogs also help to fill the so-called dew-ponds on the hills. By measurements taken of one of these ponds on the downs above Lockinge, in Berkshire, it was found that the rise of water after a fog was greater than after the heaviest dew. A rise of as much as 2½ in. took place after a heavy winter fog; 1½ in. was the maximum given after a heavy dew—a great difference.

These results, the first recorded measurements made of the effects of dew and fog on upland ponds, are of great practical interest. They show that the invisible recruits of upland waters might be a great and sufficient means of supplying water where none is found naturally, from the vapours and mists naturally attracted to hills. The means by which the dew or fog is condensed in the form of water on the surface of the ponds is still imperfectly known. But the use of the tree in combination with the water surface is a factor which is well worth studying. The best condensing trees should be found out and planted round the ponds, into which at every fog they will send the equivalent of many hours of gentle rain. For the Transvaal and waterless highlands of South Africa such ponds might be of great service, wherever there are seasonal mists and fogs.

France is to have an English-managed Public School, *Une Ecole ou l'on fait des hommes*, the *Figaro* calls it, in a long account of this interesting experiment. Our readers will wish it every success, especially as it is in some measure due to the writings of an English lady, whose pen is much respected in France, that the project is currently known in educated circles there. The school is in a fine château, with a park and lake, near Leancourt. There the boys play English games, and have *la douche et le tub de tous les jours*. Two Englishmen, Mr. Scot and Mr. Hawkins, are the managers. The conception of the relations between master and boy, which the *Figaro* enlarges on at great length, seems a little too self-conscious from the boy's point of view. One youth, who explains that *Les mensonges, c'est vraiment pas chic; faut pas de menteurs chez nous*, says that at the Lycée, where he was before, he had the *habitude de mentir*, and other *vilains défauts*, but now he has dropped all that. But this interviewed French Public School boy seems to be on the right road now, and he and his teachers deserve success and encouragement.

Everybody interested in cricket, which it is far from easy to be when "dreary, dark November" is justifying its traditional reputation, will be glad that Mr. MacLaren's team has turned the tables on the Australians by avenging at Melbourne the defeat which it suffered at Adelaide. Without a doubt we had some luck, for Worrall put the Englishmen in first, and on the whole the weather favoured them. Throughout the match, too, the wicket was English, old style, rather than Australian. It may be added that it is no small satisfaction to us that the prophecies of Mr. W. J. Ford and his estimate of the quality of the English team are being justified very precisely. Mr. Ford's signature is familiar to our readers in the cricket season, and it is a pleasure to see it elsewhere under sound expressions of opinion.

Since Rugby Union football is, from the International point of view, in a bad way, it has been suggested, in a somewhat rash moment, that it was important to bring "the great Public Schools under the Rugby banner." This was not a very acute suggestion, for, firstly, there are as many schools in England, as in Scotland or Ireland or Wales, which play the Rugby game regularly, only it is not desirable that schoolboys should join in International competitions; secondly, there are others—Eton, Winchester, and Harrow, for example—which have one or more games peculiar to themselves; and, thirdly, there are schools—Westminster and Charterhouse, for example—in which the Association game flourishes. Indeed, in all probability it had its origin there.

Meanwhile it is no bad thing that the head-masters, or some of them, have been consulted in the matter, for they have spoken with no uncertain sound. Dr. Warre would be sorry to see Eton exchange her own traditional game for that of Rugby or any other school. He probably means either of her traditional games, the Wall and the Field. Dr. James, of Rugby, warmly deprecates International school games; Dr. Almond, of Loretto, and the head-master of Fettes hold the same views. Great players more or less fresh from school vote for universal Rugby, or against it, according to the schools from which they come. Our own view is that of the head-masters of Eton and Rugby, and, no doubt, of the silent heads of other great public schools, and it is well expressed by Dr. Warre: "I cannot help thinking that the growing attempt to organise school games and to give them national—and in some cases international—importance, is a great mistake and tends to rob them of all their wholesome conditions and real charm as the free pastimes of youth." These wise words ought to serve to crush a mischievous movement.

Generally speaking, there is a good deal of gloom about the reports and prospects of salmon angling, and of most kinds of fishing for sport, but there are some bright exceptions, and certainly the Tweed has been intent during the last two seasons on redeeming its character as a salmon river. It stood in need of redemption, for during some years previous the fisher with the rod had found more disappointment than satisfaction on that river beloved of Sir Walter Scott. This year, however, like the last, has been making amends. Right up to the end of its late season the Tweed seems to have been giving capital sport, though the fish do not run as large as the water might lead one to expect—certainly not as large as in the Tay. But it is not always the biggest fish, after all, that gives the best sport. The Teviot, on the contrary, has been very disappointing throughout most of the autumn. Certainly the rivers possessing a late angling season have a great advantage in the way of increased chances of good spates. The earlier closing rivers have been very short of water, as a rule, except for a very brief spell. If only there were a little more throwing from the bank, and a little less "harling," the Tweed angler might deem himself a very highly favoured person.

Some very large wildfowl bags are reported from the Border country, both north and south of the line. At Netherby they had over a thousand head of various duck in a day, and across the border (that is to say on the English side) Mr. Guthrie's party is said to have killed only ten less than thirteen hundred. There is an air of "round numbers" about these returns which makes one a little doubtful of their precision; but in any case it may be inferred with some safety that duck and all their kind are remarkably numerous this year about the Border. Some, no doubt, will be inclined to receive this as an omen (the office of *auspex* is an ancient one), and to conclude that we ought to expect a heavy winter. It is certain that when wild geese and wild swans are many on the East Coast, it is to be inferred that there is cold weather in the Cattagat, but that is another matter from a forecast of the future. A constantly increasing number of people are beginning to rear wild and semi-wild ducks on ornamental waters. That fact suggests a prosaic but a probable explanation of the large bags.

The absence of woodcocks this year has caused some comment. The cause is probably to be found in the mild weather which until the end of last week prevailed all over the area north and east of the British Islands included in the chart issued by the Meteorological Office. The chart includes all the region between which and us there are what may be called reciprocal attentions in the matter of weather, and it is weather which sends us woodcocks. High temperature and calm weather have prevailed during the whole autumn over the southern centre of Norway, Sweden, the forest-clad Baltic coast, and the great pine woods of North Germany. Until these are sealed by frost, which usually follows heavy cyclones, the woodcock naturally stay where they are. Nor has the cold snap lasted long enough to send them over in any number.

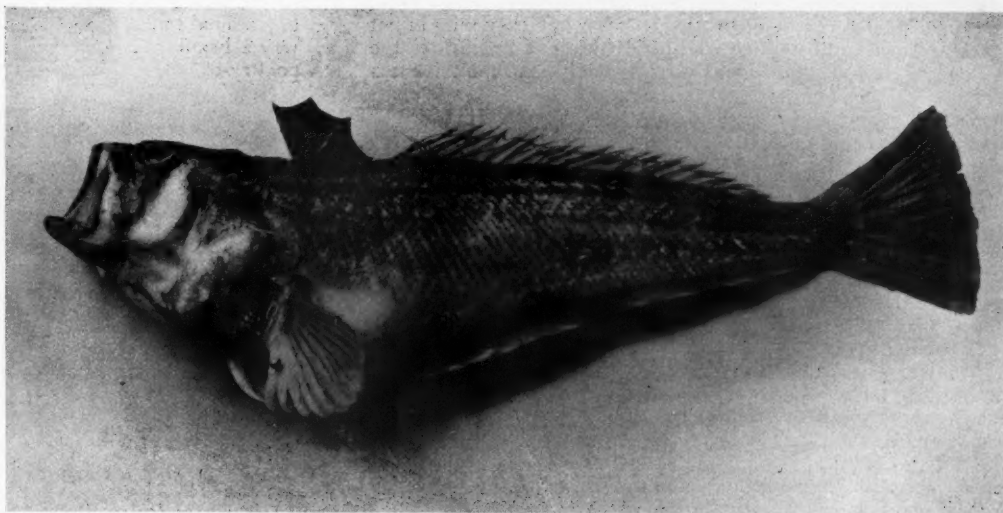
Among many old customs still extant in different parts of the country, not the least curious is that of collecting the "wroth" silver payable to the Duke of Buccleuch. On St. Martin's Day of each year an official proceeds at dawn to the Knightlow Cross at Ryton, and with his face towards the rising sun proclaims the right of the Duke to his dues from the Hundred of Knightlow. This wroth money has to be placed in a hollow of a particular stone. The penalty of not paying the sum, which varies from one penny to two shillings, is the fine of twenty shillings or a white bull with red nose and ears. A rather fine distinction, we should think. The Hundred of Knightlow has evidently preferred so far, however, paying the money, to going on a hunting expedition in quest of a white bull with red nose and ears. The custom is said to date from the time of King Alfred, but there does not seem to be any very clear account of its origin.

The Dublin Zoo has just received a very interesting addition, in the shape of a baboon which had "served" with the North Cork Rifles during nearly the whole time they were on active service in South Africa. He is six years old, and is said to be the largest specimen of the ape tribe ever yet seen in Ireland. Notwithstanding his size and strength, he is remarkably quiet and gentle. Perhaps when he is freed from military discipline for a time he will not be so amenable.

The mild weather of the autumn has reduced the price of hay in the northern counties. A correspondent informs us that he is now paying five guineas a ton where a few weeks back he was paying seven—a notable fall in price. Not only has the weather favoured the growth of pasture by its mildness, but it has been dry, as well as mild, so that stock could be turned out and take no hurt, though it does not leave the farmer much room to grumble.

FISH GOSSIP.

ONE of the most interesting of the exhibits at the recent Photographic Salon was the series of fish photographs shown by Mr. Reinhold Thiele. A few of these pictures have been selected for reproduction in COUNTRY LIFE, and suggest the following gossip. It would be hard indeed, search the atlas or the fishery blue books as we may, to find elsewhere on this globe so small an area of seas as those which in varying mood lap our British coasts within the three-mile limit producing a more representative, more sport-giving, and from the food standpoint more valuable, collection of fishes. We have, it is true, less than a couple of hundred sea-fish all told, and these include not alone the permanently resident and the regular summer or winter visitors, which come to us with the same unfailing regularity as the swallow and



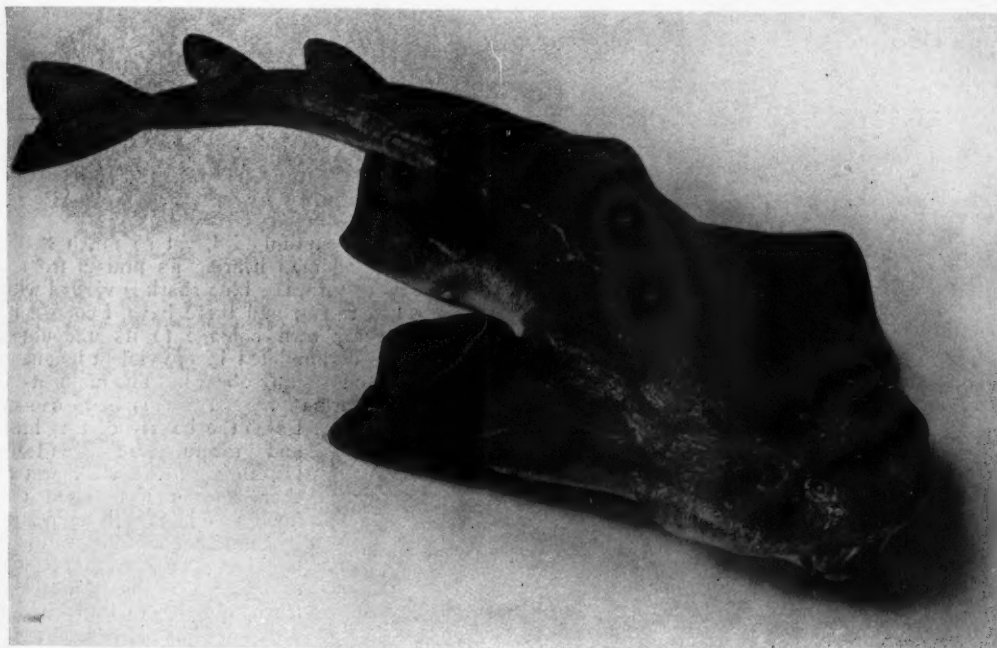
Reinhold Thiele

WEEVER.

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for the epicure there is the red mullet, and a better fish no river or sea or lake produces in this world. Man was, according to the ancient writings, given dominion over the fishes of the sea (no mention, be it remarked, of fresh-water fishing) first, and over the fowl of the air afterwards, and I imagine that primitive man knew the taste of fish much earlier than that of game, for the simple reason that he knew the fish-hook in all probability ages before his mind had devised and his hand acquired the use of even the crudest weapons of precision. This first place of sea-fishing in the honours of sacred tradition has not, that I am aware of (though the statement is a bold one in these days), received the recognition which it merits at the hands of sea-angling enthusiasts, yet the Scriptures are unequivocal on the subject of precedence.

To many folks, of course—to those more particularly who shoot or hunt, to the rigid and rigorous exclusion of all other sport—a fish is a fish and nothing more, and the salmon or sole or turbot of their dinner, the bloater or haddock of their breakfast, and probably, though quite erroneously, the lobster or oysters of their lunch, constitute

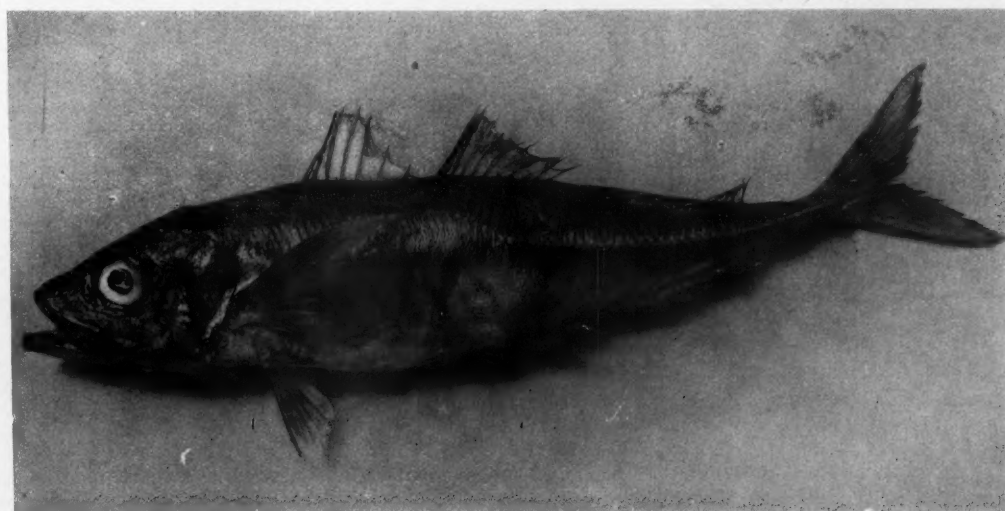


Reinhold Thiele

MONK-FISH OR ANGEL-FISH.

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wild duck among birds, but also those occasional distinguished travellers that reach our shores in their Grand Tour of the world's waters. Yet even the small and select body of our permanent fishes furnish no bad epitome of the fish families of the great oceans. We may lack the mighty tarpon and tuna of two American seaboard, the snappers and groopers of Australia, the giant barracudas of the tropics, and our sharks may, for the most part, be small in proportion to our ambitions to possess the biggest of everything, yet the nets and lines are every day catching relatives of these exotic species within sight of our harbours. For the fisherman there are the gallant bass and heavier pollack, the dashing sharks, and more ponderous rays, the flashing mackerel, the persistent whiting, the conger that fights best under cover of darkness;



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HORSE-MACKEREL.

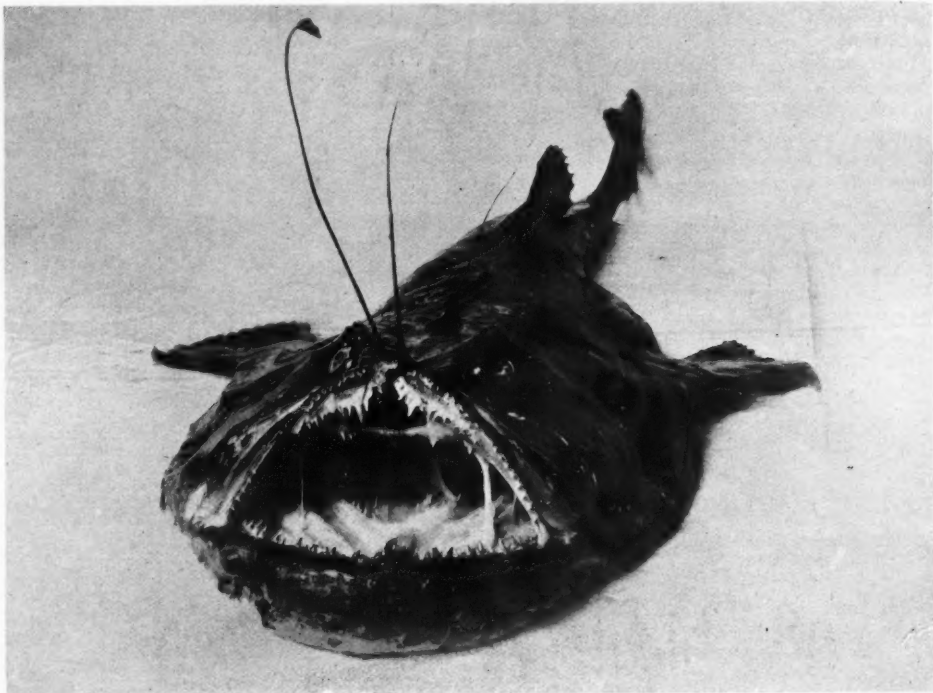
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to many town dwellers the Alpha and Omega of their acquaintance with "fish."

With the majority of these lack of familiarity with the different fishes (as distinguished from "fish," a mere course in their meal) in or near their native home is a reasonable excuse for such indifference to distinctions; but what they miss in not knowing how to differentiate the length without breadth of the eel, the breadth without thickness of the dory, and the thickness pure and simple of the sunfish! For me, personally, who depend so much on them for food and sport, fishes have no end of individuality. Not to mention such grotesques as the garfish or sea-horse, fishes have almost as many forms and peculiarities as names. The reader must, if he pleases, set this down to eccentricity bred of long familiarity with the fish world; but I unhesitatingly affirm that there is not for me—save in the matter of size—a greater physical gap between the elephant and dormouse, or between the wren and vulture, than that which separates the monk-fish and red mullet, the blue shark and dory, the angler-fish and weever, the lump-sucker and scad. Naturally, when we bear in mind the impaired influence of sunlight in the lower strata of the world of waters, there will be less colour variation than in the higher or lower classes of animal life that live above the surface and breathe the pure air of heaven; yet, even so, the red mullet and blue shark, as well as many of our wrasses and gurnards, display a brilliancy not unworthy the gayest of our British birds. Even in the matter of size I think the waters win the day, for a greater gap surely separates the basking shark and stickleback than the largest and smallest of mammals, birds, or even insects. There is no true insect that I know of which would weigh as much less than the Atlas moth, no bird that would be so small a fraction of the condor, no mammal so far behind the elephant or hippopotamus. Yet to thousands of people, a fish is just a fish, and to distinguish between families and genera and species is with them to strain at gnats.

A passing glance at the few types which I have chosen for the closer application of these remarks will reveal, even to the

score of beauty. Beauty is a matter of taste, in the matter of fishes as in the matter of women. Personally, if asked to name the most beautiful and most repulsive of the fishes here figured, I should unhesitatingly give first and last prize to the BLUE SHARK and LUMPSUCKER. It is necessary in estimating the beauty of any animal to forget all the bias of associations. The fox is in its way a beautiful animal, yet you would not learn as much from poultry-owners. The peregrine falcon is, with even less room



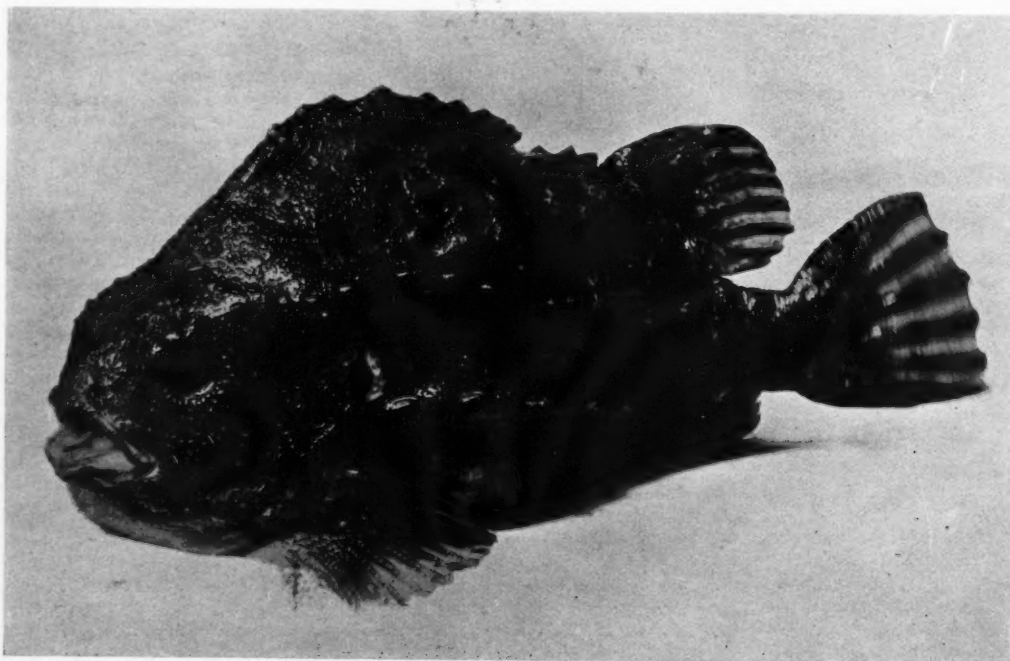
Reinhold Thiele

ANGLER-FISH.

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for difference of opinion, a beautiful bird, yet so much would hardly be inferred by a blind man hearing its praises from a gamekeeper. And so, in its turn, the blue shark is viewed with no friendly eye by the fisherman; and there have, I confess it, been occasions on which my own homage to its undoubted beauty has been strangely dissimulated in the violent language with which it was greeted on coming aboard. The momentary spleen, however, of the fisherman robbed of his baits cannot

lessen the beauty of this lithe and graceful fish as seen tearing through the clear water, then, after it has seized the hook and in turn been seized by the tightened line, turning, twisting, writhing, bringing every subtle artifice of muscles, teeth, and fins to bear on the problem of its deliverance from the toils. Anyone watching such a struggle, with the shark's blue sides and white belly alternately gleaming in the summer sunlight, cannot help appreciating the highest expression of beauty as bestowed on these eagles of the sea. The more sombre MONK-FISH OR ANGEL-FISH—its drapery of fins has been likened to cowl or wings, according to the observer's fancy—is another of them, though in some respects it should be regarded as an anatomical halfway house between them and the rays, which may be likened to the vultures. These rays are sluggish, skulking eaters of carrion, and therefore very different from those dashing, soaring



Reinhold Thiele

LUMPSUCKER.

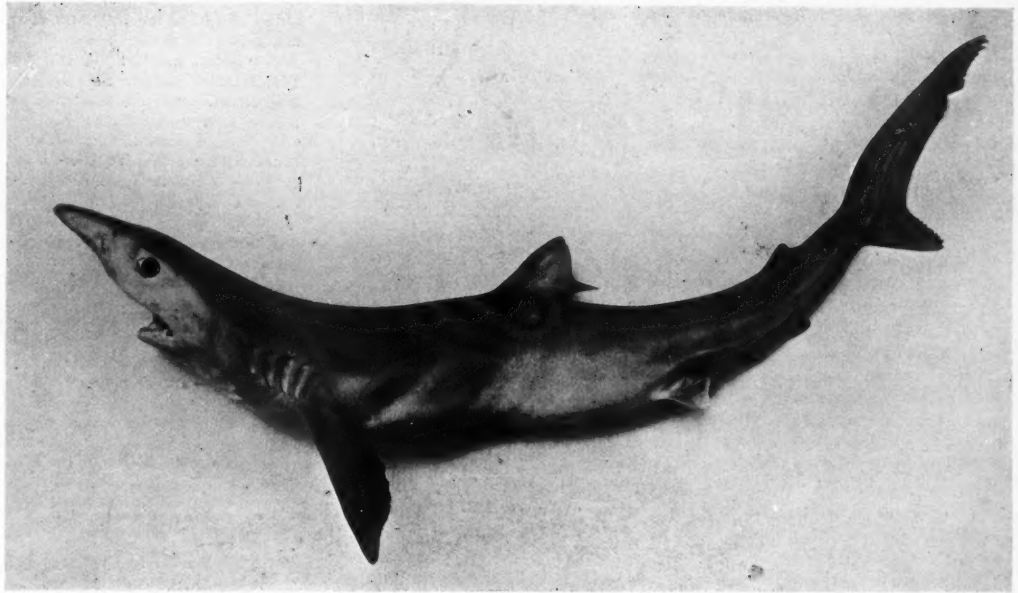
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unpractised eye, some suggestion of these differences, but a passing glance is less than they deserve. It does not show us in what way the monk-fish is a link between the sharks and rays; it does not reveal the cartilaginous skeleton and wondrous teeth and strangely granulated skin of the blue shark, nor the absence of scales in the lump-fish, nor the lancet and venom-syringe of the weever, as efficient every whit as the adder's tooth. It does not even give fair grounds for a comparison of the fishes on the

robbers, the sharks. These are, at any rate, declared enemies of man, charging into, often through, his nets, tearing the hooks and newly-caught fish from off his lines, and, in the more favouring conditions of warmer seas, not backward even to attack and devour man himself. The WEEVER, however, with its larger fellow, is a lurking villain that lies in sandy ambush in broad daylight for the bare feet of unwary paddlers on the shore, and crouches unseen in the *débris* of the trawl to lacerate the

unprotected hands of unfortunate fishermen clearing their nets ere the breaking of dawn.

In the JOHN DORY we have a fish of another type, one to the gastronome (I detest the word, but what more gentle equivalent is there?) qualities of which its own unprepossessing exterior forbids many to do justice. If I may venture to chronicle so trivial a fact, I eat dory with relish at least twice a week during the month of November, when it is, or should be, at its very best, and a firmer, more wholesome fish it would be difficult to find. If in these circumstances the fish has one drawback, it is that its flesh is too substantial and satisfying to permit of those who appreciate it eating much, unless, indeed, they make it their only dish. They might do worse. Another aspect of the dory that gives me keen delight is his cunning in stalking sand-eels and other small fishes. Take a dory from your fishmonger's slab (if the fishmonger raises no objection) and hold it edgewise towards you, and you will without difficulty see how ideally the fish is shaped for such ambuscading. There is just one angle at which the creature foreshortens to Euclid's definition of a point, for it seems in a moment to lose both parts and magnitude. It knows this perfectly well, and I have watched the dory under piers drifting unobtrusively through the clear water to within a foot or so of unsuspecting smelts, and, of a sudden, showing itself to them, open-mouthed, too late for their escape. Out shoots the tube-like mouth, after the fashion of the rose-cutters in favour with lazy people who will not climb steps, and several fishes enter without option. I admire this performance more and more every time I watch it, and each



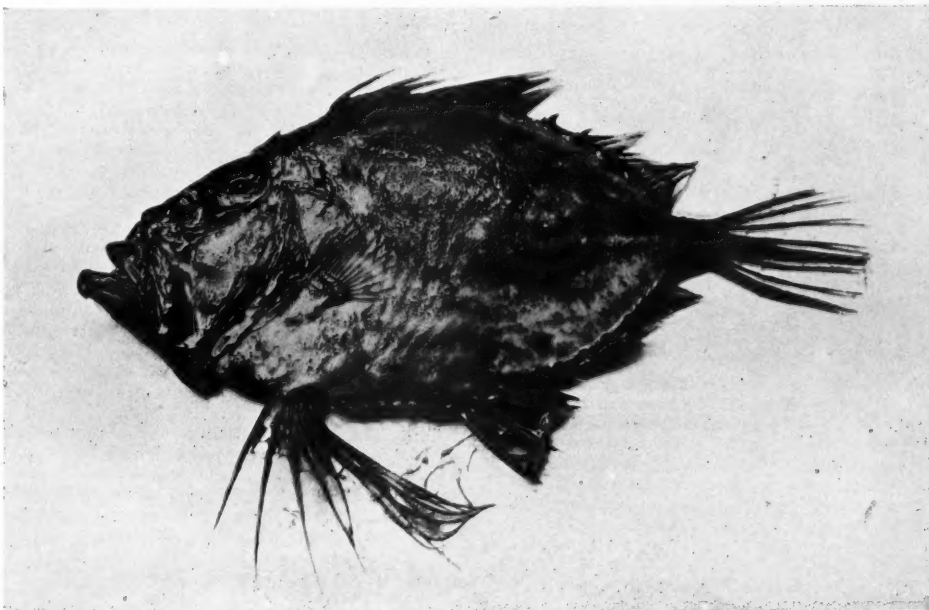
Reinhold Thiele

BLUE SHARK.

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time, too, I marvel less that the dory's white flesh should be so firm and its tough skin so well filled.

If there is a British sea-fish that tastes better than the dory, it is assuredly the RED MULLET. A rare prize is this for the rod, and, indeed, but for two caught in this way within ten minutes one April day in sight of white Tangier, my acquaintance with the fish would be limited to its superb appearance when done to a turn in buttered paper. A better breakfast dish than a couple of large red mullet cooked in this way before setting out for the day's fishing down in Cornwall has yet to be named. Where red mullet are freshest, there also are they least

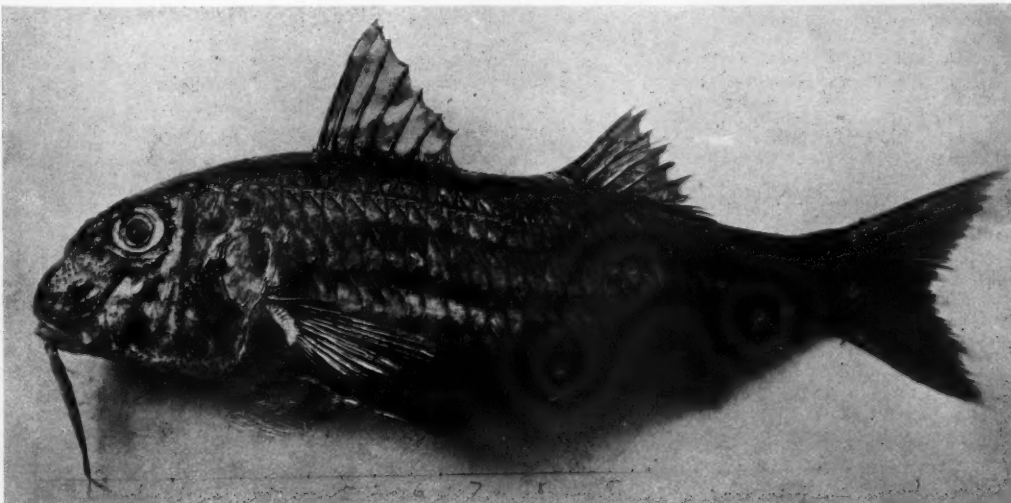


Reinhold Thiele

JOHN DORY.

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expensive, so that I would never care to eat one, economic reasons apart, that cost more than a few pence. The high-priced, tricked-up surmullets served in the better-class restaurants of inland cities are not, as a rule, worth removing from their paper envelope. That grotesque creature, the ANGLER-FISH, is now and then seen in the shops of London fishmongers, acting, no doubt, as a decoy, much as do pendant herons or bitterns in the windows of game dealers. Most folks know the way in which Lophius procures his daily food, and most, too, know a little more than the truth, believing that it actually uses the flattened appendage on its longest "rod" as a bait, and allows its small prey to seize it as such. As a matter of fact, I, on one occasion, pinched the "bait" of a moribund and apparently lifeless angler-fish, and found that the angler twitched and kicked with every symptom of feeling my salute, so that it would



Reinhold Thiele.

RED MULLET (RECORD SIZE.)

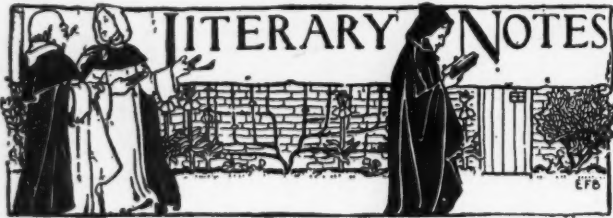
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pain it much and needlessly to permit such a liberty on the part of those it doth devour. All it has to do is to lie motionless among the weeds and dangle this conspicuous lure until a number of small fishes have, with their fatal and irrepressible curiosity, gathered around. Then the great jaws open their widest, and the unfortunate enquirers are carried headlong on the inrush of the waters.

To the unaccustomed eye, the HORSE-MACKEREL or scad is but a colourless edition of the mackerel, standing to it artistically in the relation of the "penny plain and twopence coloured" of Lord Mayor's Show panoramas hawked on the kerbstone. The scad has certainly the tapering outline of its more esteemed and more distinguished-looking ally, but its distinguishing feature consists in rows of rough scales, or plates, that lie along the lateral line and that anyone so minded can feel with the finger. A nutmeg-grater or the chin of a fisherman on Saturday morning, just before the weekly shave, would feel much the same, and readers may perhaps prefer to take my word on the subject. A passionate traveller is the scad, and its movements are, perhaps because they are less studied, more mysterious still than those of the mackerel. I have known one summer, alone in five, during which thousands were netted within a few boats' lengths of Bournemouth sands, local salts, who knew not the West Country and its products, associating them, for some reason or other, with "pilchards." I have also known a great shoal put in an appearance in a shallow Cornish bay one August Sunday evening, and trick half-a-dozen heretical young bloods into fetching out the small seine, in the hope of enclosing a hundred or two of bass or mullet for the Monday market. The result was clearly, so the more pious (and less enterprising) old hands had it, a punishment inflicted by Providence, which, it may be inferred, changed the species at the last moment.

These notes ramble too far, quite beyond even the three-mile limit; but it is rarely nowadays that I accept the "Order of the Fish," even from esteemed editors, and the return to the old love is apt to produce a senile garrulosity, for which I tender every apology.

F. G. AFLALO.



UNDER grievous compulsion of short space, I am going to thrust into the territory of "Literary Notes" some brief observations upon books which at any other time would command more detailed treatment. As usual, the deluge is upon us, and literature at this time of year becomes a cataract, whereas at other times it is often merely a trickling rill. A delightful book in every sense of the words is Miss Hayden's "Travels Round Our Village" (Constable), with illustrations by Mr. Leslie Brooke. Miss Hayden's kingdom lies in the heart of the Berkshire property of the late Lord Wantage, perfect soldier, perfect landlord, stately gentleman of the olden time, to whose memory the book is dedicated. Her essays and sketches have for the most part appeared in the *Spectator*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and *COUNTRY LIFE*, so that they may be said to have satisfied the tastes of two fastidious editors, and of yet another who will not admit that he is not less nice in selection than his fellows. In fact, no book of the country in our time reveals the atmosphere of a county in more convincing and entertaining fashion than that of Miss Hayden; and this I say deliberately, although by reason of the price of the book, and of the fact that Miss Hayden's name is little known, I have small hopes that the volume will attain commercial success. There is, however, no doubt that it will be recommended personally by every reader into whose hands it falls, for it is full of quaint humour, of exact appreciation of rustic character, and it is a wonderful study of dialect. But first let me show that Miss Hayden can write nervous and appreciative English—apart from dialect. "In the pool below the fall, securely hidden from the gaze of passers-by, I and my brothers and sisters used often to paddle on hot summer days, there being a sufficient depth of water to give the proceeding a touch of excitement that was yet unattended by danger. Near the head of the glen stood an ancient mill, with overshot wheel that hung in its well, unhidden by penthouse or roof. Thither a former generation of children had come to stand spellbound watching the resistless sweep of the great floats that brought forth thunder and lightning withal from the seething depth below, flinging the white spray far and wide, and bedewing with pearls the mosses and ferns that grew in the chinks of the wall. No wains piled high with the fat of the land now roll heavily down the steep lane and disgorge swollen sacks to feed the gaping vats. The corn laws, the cheap loaf, 'which came as a gift to us poor folks,' killed the mill in the valley. Its business declined; chains became rusty; the stream was diverted by a side-cut; and the great oaken wheel hung rotting on its pin. It was then that we children knew and loved the deserted building, and with our 'make-believe' set the machinery in motion once more. We crept along the crazy wooden shoot, poured ourselves instead of water over the floats, and clambered at will about the idle wheel, the giant making sport for us whom in the days of his strength he would have crushed. We hauled one another up like sacks of grain to the loft, and slid down the chains, through the various stages, to arrive fine white flour at the bottom. Happy childhood that can work such miracles!"

There is room only to add a most humorous description of a Parish Council Election, in which the Berkshire dialect is given to perfection: "The election was hotly contested, the Moderates securing a victory chiefly through the indiscreet zeal of one Progressive candidate. The misguided individual held

out as a bribe to the voters the promise of a village bath, which proposal evoked a storm of ridicule and abuse.

"Baeth, indeed! Wher's he gwine to mek his baeth, then? In Town Bruk? An' I'd like to know how we be to water the 'arses and wash the caerts, if sa be as the water be all taken fur a baeth. Do he think as we be that dirty then as we requieres a baeth? Us 'ull baeth him, an' purty quick too!"

One old dame tremulously enquired whether "folks 'ud be forced to go in the water whether 'um liked it or no; fur I've never had a baeth all my life long, an' if I takes one now I'm mortal afeared it med be the death of ma." She was assured, with malice prepense, by an opposer of the scheme, that undoubtedly everyone would be compelled to make use of the promised boon, and that a parish councillor would be in attendance to enforce immersion. It remains only to add that both criticism and extracts are inadequate, and therefore unjust, to a remarkably pleasing book.

In the last number of *COUNTRY LIFE* something was said of "The House with the Green Shutters," by George Douglas, whose name, according to the *Academy*, is just Brown. In spite of cryptic Scotticisms, which involved a mental struggle, I have now read to the end of it with absorbed and horrified interest. Decidedly this story of the ruin of the proud, tyrannous, and stupid tradesman, ending with one parricide and three suicides, involving cancer, consumption, and delirium tremens, is not every man's meat. But its intense and deadly realism is, as a mere work of art, a great achievement. Moreover, the character drawing is of the finest. The malicious delight with which the "bodies" of the community of Barbie watch the downfall of the tyrant Gourlay, their ingenuity of torture, their unspeakable dread of him, are indicated with a cunning hand. It is a fine piece of work—a masterpiece of its kind. But the subject is not attractive, and the result of reading is a feeling of ineffable depression, which proves all too completely the power of the writer.

Since Scotch, or Scottish, is held by its votaries to be the only true literary language, which every man of culture ought to know, it seems right to justify this gentle remonstrance against too much of a good thing by a few examples. Here are a few words which I am not ashamed to confess to have been new to me. "Sineddum," "brosey speech," "rones," "browdened," "trauchle," "scunner," "bocked," "feck," "spae," "gunkit," hardly appeal to the average Southron. Some of these are explained, the meanings of others we are left to guess; but they are all puzzling, even with the context.

A pleasant sign of the approaching end of the first year of the twentieth century is the arrival of a selection of Messrs. Hudson and Kearns's Blotting-Pad Diaries. By universal consent of the Press these appurtenances of the writing-table are the best, the most solidly made, and the most thoughtful that have yet been contrived. They are of all sizes, from 27in. by 11½in., the banker's edition, which is excellent as a knee-desk, to the folding diary and pad, which is a favourite with every careful house-keeper. They contain all sorts of postal information, calendars, memorandum tablets, engagement slips—in a word, everything calculated to make an absent-minded man methodical, in spite of himself.

With much flourish of trumpets it is announced that "by command of the King" there will appear an official account of the cruise of the *Ophir*, with photographs by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The former announcement is a matter of course. In what other capacity than that of official historian did Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace really sail in the *Ophir*? The latter I am disposed to doubt. The Royal tourists were seldom seen with cameras, although they themselves were photographed myriads of times. By the way, Sir Donald Wallace's book is likely to be infinitely better than the scraps from his diary with which the public was regaled when, early in the tour, he had the thankless task of providing the special correspondents with information. He slowed repeatedly during the tour that he had a pretty ability in making speeches, that he could be gay as well as grave. His works show him a very wise, learned, and accomplished writer, and the task could not have fallen into better hands.

Last week Mr. Asquith and Lord Rosebery, following one another like schoolboys in a class-room, discoursed upon biography and upon autobiography without teaching us much or telling us anything that was new. Both erred in attempting to lay down general rules upon such matters as, for example, the question whether the biographer should give much or little detail. There is really no possibility of laying down rules. The good biographer, like the poet, is born, not made. Boswell, Lockhart, Gibbon, Purcell, Andrew Lang, Leslie Stephen have the instinct which makes them give us the right amount of detail, and that may be much or little according to the nature of the subject. For myself, I like best the indiscreet biographer, and that is the reason I prize my first edition of Purcell's Manning.

Books to order from the library:

- "Mexico as I Saw It." Mrs. Tweedie. (Hurst.)
- "An Editor's Sermons." Edward Russell. (Unwin.)
- "Lives of the Hunted." E. Seton Thompson. (Nutt.)
- "Fancy Free." Eden Philpotts. (Methuen.)
- "Lord Russell of Killowen." Barry O'Brien. (Smith, Elder.)
- "English Villages." P. H. Ditchfield. (Methuen.)

LOOKER-ON.

THE STONE-BREAKER.

VERY few country occupations have so little romance as that of a breaker of stones. His occupation sniffs of "skilly" of the prison and the workhouse. The thwack thwack of his hammer is no harmonious sound, but rather a "disturber" of the peace that lies about the fields. The ploughman guiding his plough over the brown field, followed by seagull and crow, is full of the poetry of seedtime. The women tossing the hay in the fields make a picture which the artist never tires of painting. The woodman with his axe has a touch of the romance that clings about great forests; the felling of great trees has something about it that lends it a grace. But the breaking of stones—how many poets have put it in their verse, how many painters limned it on their canvas?

It is the old and withered who are generally set to the work; the young men do not care for such an employment. Seated on the stones beside the hedgerow, eyes shaded by huge spectacles, the stone-breaker looks more like some ancient shoul that might

have visited an Edgar Allan Poe than a human being plying his daily toil. Nor is his task conducive to the cultivation of brains. His unapproached mastery in giving the wrong direction to the village is almost proverbial. His only question as he sits there hammering stones is "What time, mister?" Still, in spite of his unromantic calling, an occasional stone-breaker will show a whimsical side to his nature. Seated upon his stones, his red handkerchief spread on his knee, munching his midday meal of bread and cheese, we remember old Geordie as one such. His skill in breaking stones was marvellous, his naïveté in declaring the origin of it delightful. It was accomplished while "doing time." His "time" was mostly done as a natural result to poaching, which he would tell you, with a fine disregard to morals, was the "grandest sport out," and much to be preferred as a means of livelihood to "ploughing fields and digging

spuds." Even the weeks spent in prison he did not wholly regret, but looked upon them more in the light of a natural stage in the evolution of man; while the experience gained there had not fallen upon barren ground, but served to keep him in his old age. It was recorded in the village annals that Geordie was occasionally had up for a too deep indulgence in spirituous liquors. The brilliance of his defence, however, and the profuseness of his apologies generally got him off. "If Aa gang the lang wey," he would inform his honour, "A'm al reet, for Aa dinna pass't" ("it" being the Hen and Chickens). "It's when Aa taake the short cut that the devil's tae pay." So he would be let off on promising to avoid the short cut that led to destruction for the future, to mend his ways, and take the long road. So, after breaking stones to mend other ways than his own, for many a year, old Geordie took the long road at last.

THE NEW ALDRIDGE'S.

MOST of the lovers of the horse who were present at the important sale of brougham and phaeton horses held at Aldridge's on November 13th must have noticed the important alterations that have been made in the famous building. In a bit of old London, viz., in Upper St. Martin's Lane, not far from St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, though nothing remains to recall the fields, any more than a green is left where the blind beggar of Bednall Green played his pranks, is the famous horse repository. During the Commonwealth it is said that St. Martin's Lane was really a lane with a hedge on either side, and as late as 1546 Henry VIII. issued a proclamation to preserve "the games of hare, partridge, pheasant, and heron from the Palace of Westminster to St. Giles's-in-the-Fields." Later it was a favourite quarter of artists, and Sir James Thornhill, Rubiliac, Fuseli, Kenelm Digby, Daniel Mytens, and Sir John Suckling all lived here at one time or other, and among the poor tenements, public-houses, shops, and factories one still comes upon houses that might have served these distinguished tenants. There are also relics to remind one that the Cecils, created Earls of Salisbury, had their town house here, and that the famous Chippendale was a cabinet-maker of St. Martin's Lane. Over a hundred years ago it was already a great horse repository, and in an old *Morning Post* bearing date August 11th, 1779, you



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THE STABLING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

may find the advertisement of a sale which is worth quoting, because its wording recalls conditions that have long grown obsolete. This is how it reads: "By Mr. Aldridge at the original repository in St. Martin's Lane. This day at twelve o'clock. A number of carriages as usual, some clever pairs of coach geldings and odd ditto, several bony useful good geldings

and mares come off long journeys, three seasoned hunters (masters of high weights), a great number of post-chaises, machine cart geldings; in all upwards of 160 lots. To be viewed and a trial had." If you think of it, what a picture this suggests of days anterior to the establishment of even the first-rate coaching service that was matured about the end of the century. One can fancy the traveller posting up to town on his post-chaise, and selling both horses and carriage on arrival, as the most convenient way of disposing of them. There is a following advertisement that will interest the horsey man still more: "By Mr. Aldridge at the original repository in St. Martin's Lane, a bay filly, three years old, got by Eclipse, her dam by Omnium, her granddam by Sterling, her great-granddam by Godolphin, her great-great-granddam by Stranger's Arabian, her great-great-great-granddam by Pelham's Barb, her great-great-great-great-granddam by Old Shot, her great-great-great-great-great-granddam by the white-legged Lowther Barb out of the Old Vintner mare. N.B.—This filly is the property of two gentlemen, and will be



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THE GALLERIES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

sold to the best bidder." Who bought her, we wonder, and did she leave any progeny behind, and was she mated with a horse worthy of this ancestry? Alas! she and the two gentlemen who owned her, and the auctioneer who sold her, and her purchaser, if there was one, have all fallen back into oblivion. The great Aldridge who conducted these sales is but the shadow of a name, and the establishment is now presided over by Mr. Stewart Freeman. A worthy successor, however, one who can not only wield the hammer but the reins and the whip, and is as well known on the coach-driving seat as on the rostrum. His first coach ran on the Brighton Road in 1875, and since then he has played a conspicuous part in the great revival of coaching.

It was not in search of horses, but of dogs, that the present writer first made acquaintance with Aldridge's. The dog sales are not held so regularly as the others, but there is always a large one before the shooting season opens, and this year we believe the record auction price was made for a flat-coated retriever. The horse sale is the great thing, however, and one could not wish for a livelier spectacle than that presented by the repository when a particularly choice lot happens to be offered. Other men may change, but the right-down horsey man remains ever the same, and Aldridge's "boys," clean-shaven, their faces not without a touch of the demure slyness that horsiness breeds, their thin, close-gaitered legs bowed with much riding, are like so many dead ostlers come to life again from the old coaching inns. Strong of arm, deft with the whip, they run the spirited horses up and down in the style of Greek acrobats. And what a various assemblage of spectators! Here is the bluff country gentleman, rubicund, hearty-looking, on the look-out for a hunter; there is his wife or sister, as keen as himself, and owner of a figure that speaks more of exercise and wild gallops than of crushes and comic opera. Close together are a few dealers, keen, hard, and impassive, aware to a fraction what every horse is worth; and there are the gnostic youth, almost as wide-awake, honest quiet tradesmen intent on business, horsey ladies, and the innumerable hangers-on. From the windows of the luncheon-room on special occasions gaze down the guests of the day, and a long line of miscellaneous faces from the balcony of the carriage gallery, where carriages of all descriptions, from the drag to the governess cart, are "lotted" for sale. The auctioneer reads out the description of the lot from the catalogue, and no doubt forms on the spot a fair idea of what it should bring, and looks for a starting bid of forty, eighty, or a hundred guineas, according to the quality of the lot. Of a keen eye and ear

that catch every advance the moment it is made, and a distinct but not loud voice, which is heard in every corner, he goes on rapidly, "One hundred guineas offered, a hundred and ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty, going at a hundred and fifty guineas. Run on," and off goes the boy with a shout of "Room, please." "Another five from you, sir—a hundred and fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five," and so on till a knock that can be heard announces that the horse is sold, and another is run up. Time is of value here, and the arrangements excellent, so that before one steed has got back to the stable connoisseurs are deep in the points of the next one. Of course the 150-guinea horse is the exception; the prices range generally far below that.

We moderns are much more luxurious than our forefathers, and Mr. Stewart Freeman some years ago threw a glass dome over the repository, so that purchasers may be comfortable even in the wildest weather, and any danger of over-heating is avoided by the use of an excellent system of ventilation.



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A ROW OF STALLS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Perhaps there is even more romance about the carriages than the horses. For it may easily be imagined that the old and favourite steed of fiction, the fine hunter that has borne the squire so often over meadow and bullfinch, and now has to go by reason of the *res angusta domi*, does not often come up to Aldridge's. The vast majority of the lots are horses without any sentimental attachments. They were bought

by a coaching club, very likely at the same repository, when the season began, and they are sold when it is ended, probably to a fox-hunter, who will send them back when his season ends. But a look at the various carriages makes one long for an Asmodeus to relate their histories. For those of us who, like old friend Quince, love the animals we have had about us, and like to stick by them, auctions are not without their melancholy side. Yet if the favourites have to go, it is doubtful if they could be sent to a better place—at least, an examination of the arrangements leaves nothing behind it but admiration. Certain elementary principles have received the closest attention. Everything, to begin with, is fireproof, and, leaving out the commercial aspect, that is a most important point where life, even the life of dumb animals, is at stake. Next, all the pains in the world have been bestowed to get as much sunshine as is possible into every quarter. Seldom is so extensive a range of stabling so well lighted—there are 209 stalls altogether. The premises also are airy and clean, and no trouble is spared to see that the horses are properly fed and



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A FRONT VIEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

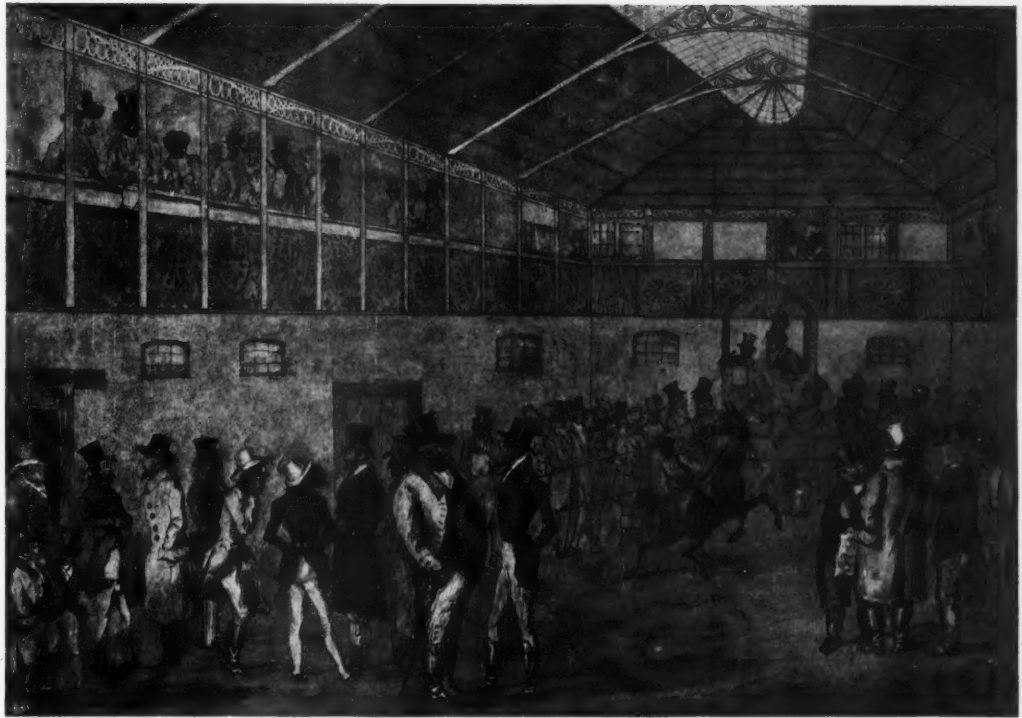
watered. It is obviously a very great advantage to have as auctioneer a man who loves and understands horses.

Of our illustrations those most likely to receive attention are the two drawings. One does not need to draw attention to the draughtsmanship, but the figures and the dresses, the horses and the general scene, call up pleasant visions of what an afternoon used to be like at Aldridge's a hundred years ago.

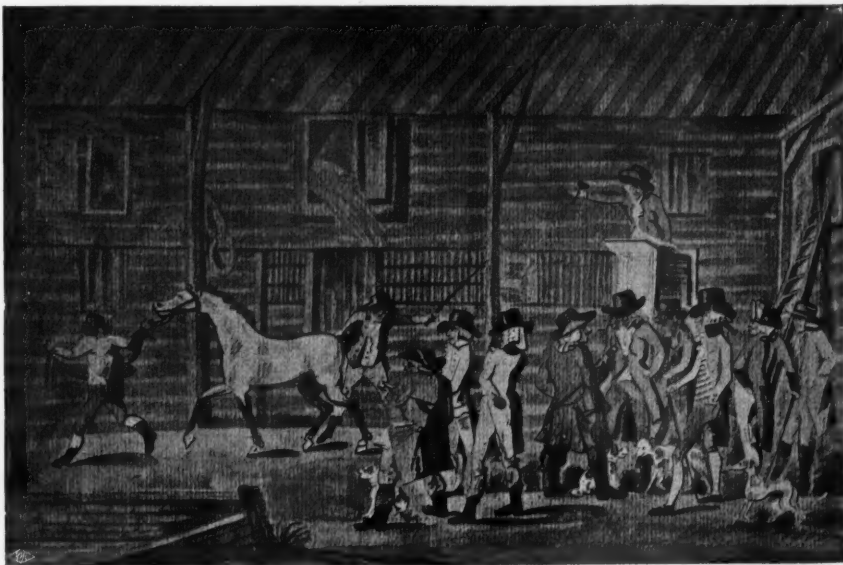
ANOTHER DANGER TO GROUSE SHOOTERS.

A FEW weeks ago there appeared a curious letter in one of the sporting newspapers; one that has constant references to matters that interest shooters, or the letter might have escaped notice. It appeared in an unpretentious form, and professed to show how to improve the stock of grouse upon a moor. But really it recommended methods that, if adopted by dealers or poachers, for I could not call them sportsmen, would hit at that confidence which, for the most part, exists between sportsmen, and is certainly not unknown between that class and the agents who let them shootings in the interests of the proprietors.

Let it be imagined that a shooter takes a moor from a London agent; it has a little trout fishing upon it, a lodge, and a keeper's house; the fishing gives excuse for a demand for



ALDRIDGE'S AS IT USED TO BE.



OUR HORSEY GREAT-GRANDFATHERS.

early possession, and the proprietor's keeper has to make room for the tenant's. Having got complete possession, before or after signing the lease or agreement, the tenant sets to work to find every grouse nest and to lift the eggs as the number are completed and before incubation begins. These he sends off to his "improving moor," and has them added to the nests his keepers have been looking for against the arrival of the "fresh blood."

Really it is the best manner of introducing fresh blood, but in fairness a similar number of eggs should be returned to the robbed moor. But if the suggestion stopped there, perhaps there would be little or nothing to urge against it; but it goes on to say that the moor could be re-let, without loss of rental value, to someone who preferred cheepers and second broods to fully-grown grouse. Of course, it need not be said that there are no such people, and that a true statement of what had been done would negative the possibility of a tenant being found to pay full price or even a fifth of the ordinary

rent. The very idea of obtaining a full rent suggests that nothing of what had been done would be declared. In practice it would resolve itself into a letter to the agent, stating that the tenant, having obtained another moor, would be glad either to be let off this one or to find a sub-tenant for it. The agent would not be displeased at making two commissions out of the same shooting in one year, and if a place of good repute it would certainly be re-let within the London season. Practically it need not be out of the market a day, for the tenant could write his letter long before the end of the three weeks during which he would require possession for his horrible purpose. The worst part of the business follows. It would not be necessary for the agent to receive any particulars from the tenant for the benefit of the sub-tenant; but he would let on the very self-same landowner's particulars that found the first tenant. As this letter appears without a word of editorial protest in a shooting newspaper, and under cover of a *nom de plume*, I think it is necessary to state how I believe sportsmen would, and should, treat such a suggestion. It is hardly necessary to say of what Midland town the actual perpetrator of such a deed would become a native. It would hardly be "a bicycle made for two" that would take him whence came the bike.

But the specious arguments used to soothe a pricking conscience deserve a word or two, for they show their author capable of believing much that is neither supported by the natural history of the red grouse or the shooter's observations. This ill-informed innocent says that, as there are always people who prefer dog moors, cheepers from second hatches are the very thing for them, and would suit them better than first hatches. The reason he gives is the well-known scarcity of dog moors in the

South of Scotland; but he does not state that it is quite as easy to go to the North as it is to the South of Scotland, a good deal more fashionable, and that there first broods will lie to dogs well enough for any dog-men. I suppose the knowledge is very general that the dog-men do not prefer picking up cheepers before their dogs' point to shooting full-grown grouse; but, assuming the ignorance of the letter-writer on this subject, does anyone in the world suppose that the grouse would breed as many young from a second laying as from a first hatching? I believe that two is an average second hatch, three good, and five is the largest I ever counted, whereas first hatches average from five to twelve in a good season.

Consider, for a moment, the damage to the landlord that would be done upon the moor. The sub-tenant would find nothing but small grouse, which up to the middle of September would lie like stones to his dogs, two to four in each brood—that is, just enough with the old hen for the four barrels. Very moderate shots and very ordinary dogs indeed would effect a

total clearance of all the young birds and all the old hens that had bred, and nothing but the cocks would be left; these old birds, who take good care to leave the broods at the first sign of danger, and generally rise out of shot, while the hen pays the unjust penalty of maternal care.

Now a moor populated by old cocks is far worse than a moor with no grouse whatever upon it. The young pairs driven away from other moors by older birds would stop on the bare hillside gladly, but the old inhabitants, if unmarried themselves, take very good care they shall not. If the old birds' efforts at divorce proceedings fail, they eject the young couples as fast as they come, so that the suggested plan of action would not only destroy most of the value of the moor the first season, but totally destroy it for several years afterwards. How many I am sure I do not know; probably neither did the proposer of the scheme—let us hope not for his sake—but as he suggests a new moor for this purpose every year he seems to know a good deal.

The foregoing may take rank as the most unsportsmanlike suggestion that has appeared for ages in the sporting Press. Of course, it is much easier to make money, and possibly to make big bags, by crooked means than by straight ones. The police courts tell us of the former every day, and occasionally one hears of extraordinary operations about game.

I have only just been told the following, with names and places mentioned: A party of several guns was formed to take a shooting, which they did on a several years' lease, and one of their number was made manager and paymaster—a capital plan, as a rule, but one that did not pay in this case. I say did not "pay" advisedly, because, although the paymaster was paid, he paid nobody else, and soon the whole party got such a bad name that, on the weekly shooting days, first one gun, then another, failed to turn up, where they would certainly be asked to pay again for things they had already paid for. Soon nobody came, and the paymaster could not be found. Meantime orders had been given and executed in all directions in the name of the whole party, and Hungarian birds had been turned down by hundreds, pheasant pens had been put up, and hen pheasants in numbers caught up to fill them. When everybody had become thoroughly disgusted, a demand for each man's proportion of the following year's rent was sent in by the paymaster; of course, it was not forthcoming, as it was agreed that the chief must be made to square up before another shilling could be entrusted to him.

When he was informed of this he proposed to let off the whole party from their obligations to him for the next year's rent, etc., if they, in their turn, would give up all rights to the shooting. Naturally they jumped at the offer. Meantime with their money a poor shooting had been converted into a very useful place indeed, and the paymaster stood to get for next season double as much from other shooters as the old and disgusted lot had paid.

When this was all settled everybody was properly paid up, and no doubt it was a well-planned trick, which for that time answered the purposes of the trickster. Personally, I have never been taken in by sellers of dogs or by shooting agents, and I have nothing but pleasant recollections of sporting partnerships.

When I first heard discussed the letter referred to above I thought little of it, because it was to my mind doubtful whether there were people of the sort who aspired to sport and would also fall so low in sportsmanship; but that was not the general view, and the story related is one of those that helped to convince me that such a letter, and such sentiments, should not be allowed to escape the condemnation of those who desire sporting good-fellowship to remain what it has been, and

that dealing in moors and manors by sportsmen, agents, and owners may still be conducted in the honourable way which is general, if not universal. ARGUS OLIVE.

SUCH STUFF AS . . . DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON, one of our most valued contributors, has been engaged in what is, for him, a deep investigation. Putting aside for the moment his golf club, his gun, and his fishing rod, he has been overhauling that other life lived, more or less, by all of us at times, and he gives the result in a book called "Dreams and their Meanings" (Longmans). We are extremely sorry to hear that Mr. Hutchinson, happy in so many things, has his bad quarters of an hour at night, and finds more sadness than pleasure in his dreams. My own idea is that life is simply reflected in dreams as trees are in a pool. Pope wrote:

"As the last image of our waking thought

Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought,"

and the writer finds it hard to agree with Mr. Hutchinson when he states an exactly opposite belief. I will give him an instance of a kind of dream that he does not mention or classify, but that is the most instructive and illuminative of all, because it is so frequently and uniformly produced by the same conditions, and can be testified to by thousands of people. I refer to the chess-player's dream. Chess is undoubtedly the most intellectual, and consequently one of the most exciting of games. London amateurs, too, play a majority of their club and tournament matches in the evening, so that a very short space of time, an hour or two, intervenes between the end of play and retirement to bed. After a very hard-fought game the moves sing through one's head during this interval, and very, very often the player cannot rest till he

has his board and men out and tries the positions over again. Now if Mr. Hutchinson will make enquiry among chess-players he will find what a common experience it is for players, even as a dog hunts in dreams, to spend the night deploying pawns and capturing bishops and manœuvring rooks. I could prepare him a long list of men who have had to give up chess on account of these dreams, and am entitled to testify, because I have had more than my share of them. Here surely the dream is suggested by "the last image of the waking thought." But an ardent, passionate temperament will reproduce in sleep any other pastime that has been gone into "with might" during the day.

I remember my first day's rook-shooting as a lad, and also the night that followed. In dreamland, the young May foliage was as vivid as it had been by day, the old rooks swung high and safe far above the rookery, and the shot young ones fell cawing and fluttering down the stoles of the beech trees. Equally clear is the memory of the dream that followed the capture of my first pike. I was only a little chap, and had been content with catching minnows, small trout, eels, perch, and the like, and never having seen a big fish caught, the incidents of it no doubt made my eyes expand with childish wonder. At all events, in the deep night, my fish, instead of boring down, struck gallantly across the stream, and, what appeared to me most extraordinary, the line rose till it appeared to lie on the surface of the water, and behold the monster at the end of it leaping and splashing. Night, in that case, clearly reflected day, and although it is difficult to analyse the dozing thoughts that precede slumber



W. Crooke.

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THE EARL OF GIFFORD AND HIS BROTHERS, LORD ARTHUR HAY AND LORD EDWARD HAY.

in these cases, it was certainly the final image that suggested the dream. Whether dreams are producible by physical agency is another matter to which Mr. Hutchinson might have devoted attention. I do not pretend in any way to have studied the subject, except so far as the observation of what comes within my own experience goes; but there was once a fat middle-aged lady of my acquaintance who, on the slightest provocation after a walk or a meal, dropped into profound sleep, and I could always make her wake with a belief that she was drowning. This was accomplished in a very simple manner, by reading to her in a level monotonous voice a screed—Edgar Allen Poe's "Raven." At the second or third "Nevermore" she would stop snoring, and at the seventh wake with a gasp or a slight shriek, "Goodness, boy! I thought I had dropped into the water." These experiences are offered simply because, as Mr. Hutchinson admits, with the frankness which is his second nature, it is from the experience of individuals only that a true interpretation can be founded. Roughly speaking, his own division of dreams is into the falling dream, the flying dream, the

dream of inadequate clothing, the dream of danger from beast or fire, the dream of gratified wishes, and the journey dream. To these he might have added the pastime dream, and if he cares to go round to the City Club on a match night he could soon amass material for it. The latter part of the book is devoted to what one might call the "spookish" aspect of dreams. It has always been fascinating, yet one is sceptical. A vast majority of dreams are, in my opinion, symptomatic of disease; the visionary figures that people them are children of dyspepsia, or result from a too excitable nervous system. For many years the most intimate of my acquaintances dreamed the same horrid dream night after night—the origin of it was a sad misfortune—and this dream was that he was a murderer. It began at last to mingle with his daylight thought, till the innocent man, began to assume something of a criminal's hunted look. By good fortune another blow that would have wrecked many a man's life was dealt him from the unseen, and the evil dream haunted him no more. Save for that, he was convinced that this nightly vision would have led him to the mad-house. P. A. G.

NORFOLK BROADS & THE PUBLIC.—II.

By WALTER RYE.

IN my former article I gave some illustrations of the small respect paid by certain landowners under King Henry III. to the provision of Magna Charta which enacts that public waterways not converted into private property before the death of Henry II. should henceforth remain public. I shall now proceed to show how far this provision of Magna Charta has been abused and set at naught during the last hundred years or so. As I have already pointed out, the question at issue is a serious one, both for the trading classes in the locality of the Broad and for the numerous visitors from other parts of our islands, from America, and from the continent of Europe, which so rarely sends visitors to England except on business errands. To landowners, on the other hand, the preservation of a Broad can be a matter of little moment. The public have no certain right to shoot on broads or rivers, and it is very undesirable that they should have; the fish in broads, though plentiful, are coarse—pike, bream, roach, rudd, and perch are the most common—and thus the fishing, whilst it affords sport and food for anglers who are not rich, does not as a rule appeal to wealthy fishermen. As for sailing—an individual broad, apart from the other broads and rivers, is not sufficiently extensive. In what then would a Broad owner's loss consist? In losing his chance of shooting some wildfowl, possibly scared away by the public (though very few of the outsiders are on the water when shooting



HORNING FERRY.

is going on), or losing his right to exclusive angling for pike, or losing his privilege of solitary rowing at times by himself or with a few friends, over a comparatively small sheet of water, and last, but probably not least to him, the dog-in-the-manger privilege of the right of depriving superiors, equals, and inferiors of many pleasant hours' enjoyment,

unless they come to him cap in hand to ask his permission for what, in most cases, is their undoubted right. The method of the Broad grabber is first to boldly assert his right, put up terrifying notice boards, gladly pay any rates and taxes, and if necessary offer to pay them, and then, after letting his paper title mature a little, venture to prosecute a poor man before brother Broad owners and other neighbours for fishing, and eventually to erect chains or a boom.

Of the ways by which a public Broad may, since Magna Charta, legally become private property, there are two only—one being doubtful.

The growth of weeds or accretion of soil can so choke the entrance or approach that the tide can no longer affect it, and boats can no longer enter it from the river, thus causing the Broad to cease being an arm of the sea or a public thoroughfare. Through such growths or accretions several Broad have become private



G. W. Wilson.

SOUTH WALSHAM.

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lakes, and two, Surlingham and Rockland, on the Yare, will speedily share their fate if, as it is earnestly to be hoped will be done, the entrances are not systematically dredged and kept open. To take one example of such a loss: those fine expanses of water, Filby, Rollesby, and Ormesby Broads, connected with the Bure by a stream called "Muck Fleet," are now to all intents and purposes inland lakes. Whether the King or the River Commissioners could not even now clean out the channel is, of course, a question, but this contingency is not likely to happen.

The other way by which the public could be legitimately deprived of their rights on a Broad would be if Parliament specifically allotted a Broad to a private individual or corporation by a public, not a private, Act. Parliament has, however, never done this, and is never likely to do it. In the Hickling Broad case, when the owner alleged that the Broad had been awarded to him under a private Allotment Act, the judge decided that there was no tide; and consequently, if there was no tide, the Broad was not, according to the decision in *Malcolmson v. O'Dea*, a public thoroughfare or arm of the sea, and therefore might be the subject of allotment, though how it could be so in face of the words in the Act, which was only an "Act for dividing, allotting, enclosing, draining, and preserving the open fields, marsh lands, commons, fens, and waste grounds—not waters or lands covered with water—within the parish of Hickling," and conferred, amongst other things, the right of "making a dike through any part of the said lands and grounds to the common river or broad adjoining thereto," it is most difficult to understand. Mr. Justice Romer and the Court of Appeal, however, in effect decided that the Broad could have been, and actually was, allotted to the lord of the manor under the Act, subject, however, to the rights of the public to cross all or any part of Hickling Broad to get to the public staithe at Hickling. After the recent numerous examples of decisions of the Court of Appeal being upset by the House of Lords, one may surmise that if this case had been fought to the Lords this strange decision would possibly have been upset. But the main object of the defence having been attained by the unlimited right of way across the Broad being preserved, it was resolved to leave undisturbed to the lord of the manor, who was the "owner," his barren right of exclusive fishing on Hickling Broad which the Court of Appeal had left it. That the decision which he obtained is good in law I for one do not believe. The Broad is unquestionably tidal to those thoroughly acquainted with it; every writer on the Broads, and all yachtsmen and wherrymen, know it to be so; and all the most prominent, such as Mr. G. C. Davies, Dr. Emerson, and Mr. Bolingbroke, deposed to it; and now that the mouth of the river and the bed of the river itself



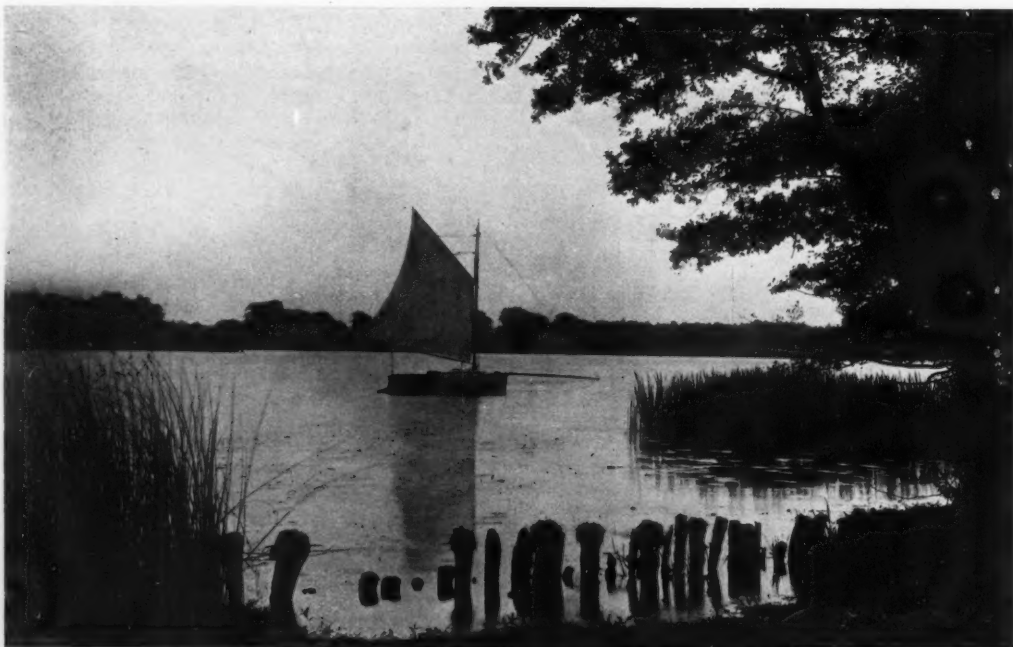
A NORFOLK WHERRY.

have been scoured, the tide is beyond dispute. The very award itself made in pursuance of the Act declares that one of the allotments is to be "used for ever hereafter as a public staithe by the owners and occupiers of estates within the parish of Hickling for the time being for the laying and depositing thereon of the corn, manure, and other things which shall be conveyed by or through Hickling Broad and the river and dikes leading to the same." If the Broad had been rightfully allotted to the lord of the manor he could have drained it entirely or left only a narrow and practically unsailable channel in its place, though the very language of the award implies that the Broad is to continue to exist as a broad, and the Act of Parliament under which the award was made nowhere authorises the enclosure of permanent pieces of water, the preamble to the Act running as follows: "And whereas the marsh and fen lands, and the greater part of the said commons and waste grounds, are frequently overflowed with water, and in their present state and condition, for want of sufficient drainage, yield but little profit to the several persons interested therein."

The Hickling Broad case in 1891 therefore ended in a substantial victory for the public, since their right to use the Broad for navigation, which was denied by the lord of the manor, was upheld. In the Wroxham Broad case, however, the public, in 1885, had sustained a reverse owing to Mr. Justice Matthew and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith misunderstanding or misinterpreting the facts. A fisherman had been accused of unlawfully fishing in the Broad. The Justices of the Peace, as now in the South Walsham case, convicted him. He appealed, and a case was stated by the justices, and in this case the Broad was

described as "communicating with the River Bure by two entrances; one of which (hereinafter called the upper entrance) is secured by a chain and posts, and is 15ft. or 16ft. in width; the other, a lower entrance, is open, and is about the width of from 50ft. to 60ft." Yet Mr. Justice A. L. Smith in his decision first stated that the Broad was "an in' and lake thirty-eight miles from the sea, and not connected with the river . . ." and, secondly, in direct contradiction to his first flounder, erred again by saying that "it was not in the ordinary sense a public navigable river, for the only access from the river had a gate and chain across the entrance"! The "owners" of Wroxham Broad can get little comfort from such a decision given on such utterly misconceived premises.

Mention of the gate and chain across one of the entrances to Wroxham Broad reminds me of the illegitimate methods by



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WROXHAM BROADS.

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which public Broad can be and sometimes are converted to private ones. Thus Great and Little Hoveton Broad—two Broad near to Wroxham Broad—have been acquired by a private individual, *de facto* if not *de jure*, through their entrances being barred by chains. I need hardly remark that if the owner of these Broad can show no good title to them, he is acting in a most unfair spirit towards the public. The closure of two great sheets of water, Wroxham on the one side and Hoveton on the other of the Bure, prevents trading wherries from tacking as formerly in and out of them when the wind in the main river is foul, and entails on the wherry-men many unnecessary hours of the hardest work "quanting" in making their passages to or from Yarmouth. At the entrance to the inner Broad at South Walsham—the Broad now in dispute—when in 1888 a chain was stretched across, it was promptly broken down by the people of Ranworth, aided by the owner of a wherry, and has never been replaced!

A few words as to the South Walsham case itself. In two essential points the alleged "owner," Major Jary, is in a worse position than the "owner" in the Hickling Broad case. First, his counsel (himself the "owner" of Hoveton Broad and a local legal dignitary) had to admit that it had never been awarded to Major Jary or his predecessors under any Act of Parliament. An Award of Marsh Land in the vicinity was, it is true, made in 1798, but the Award did not purport to include the Broad, which is referred to simply as "South Walsham Great Broad," not as a piece of land covered with water, the property of a particular person. Certain waste land, "bounded by South Walsham Great Broad," is allotted to the Surveyors of the Highways as a public gravel-pit, which shows that the margin of the Broad at this particular spot was not then regarded as private property. Other part is described as bounded by a certain navigable river called South Walsham Fleet, which was the way to the inner Broad. Secondly, Major Jary is not lord of any manor at South Walsham, and if there was any grant of an exclusive right to the Broad before the death of Henry II. (as a matter of fact, all the lord ever claimed was the right to two heave nets on the river), the odds are very heavy that such right is now vested in the lord of the manor, and not in a mere owner of land round the Broad. The latter fact is a very awkward one for Major Jary, for even his own expert witness admitted that "the water rose and fell to a certain extent with the tide," and that "there was some sort of tide on the Broad," and Mr. J. E. Teesdel, C.E., an expert of thirty-nine years' experience

(whose survey of the rivers has just been so highly complimented by the Yarmouth Port and Harbour Commission), for the defence swore that "the water on the Broad ebbed and flowed, allowing for the distance, with the tides at South Walsham and at Yarmouth Bar," and that he was "convinced that there was a good tide through the weir into the inner Broad." Major Jary, who, in justice to him it should be said,

gave his evidence most fairly, making all sorts of admissions against himself, will have to prove that his predecessors in title had a several fishery granted to them in this water before the accession of Richard Cœur de Lion, and if the report of the case in the *Norwich Mercury* is correct, his counsel has tacitly assumed that Major Jary could not do so. "Mr. Blofield, in summing up his case," the report says, "admitted that if the defendants could establish the claim that the inner Broad and the weir was an arm of the sea . . . then every subject of the country had a right to fish there."

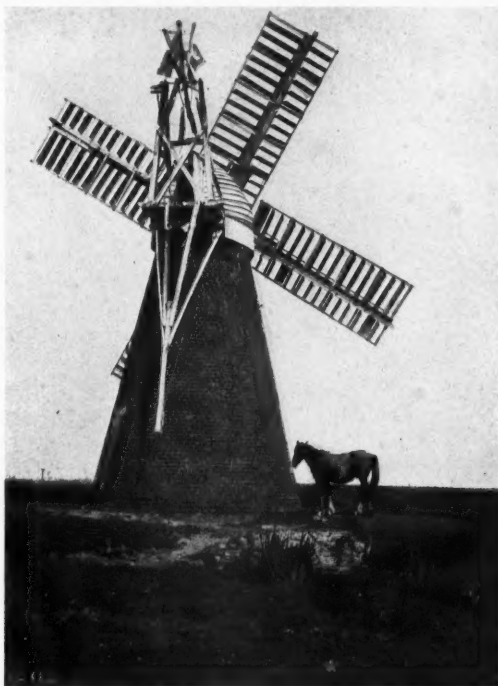
In conclusion, I would add that the question has been raised whether if the Broad are public the public have a right to use them as pleasure grounds, and not as thoroughfares. Without pretending to answer finally the question, I would merely point out that, if they are public property, the public authorities, and not private owners of land adjoining them, are the persons who will decide whether a visitor is, or is not, overstepping his legal rights. For myself, I think that the time has come for Parliament to interfere and put on a firm basis the rights of the public to navigate and fish in these waters, and I am certain that if the Broad "owners" would offer—whatever their rights may be—to sell those rights at a fair price to the public, the public would be only too willing to purchase them. Personally, I would go so far as to propose that when an owner could prove that he had had exclusive possession of a Broad, or of the fishing on one, for the last thirty years, whether it be tidal or non-tidal, fair compensation should be invariably paid him.

To deprive the *de facto* owner for a number of years of his property on legal technicalities is just as repulsive to equity as it is for an owner by chains and effrontery to deprive the public of their inalienable right to access to a Broad.

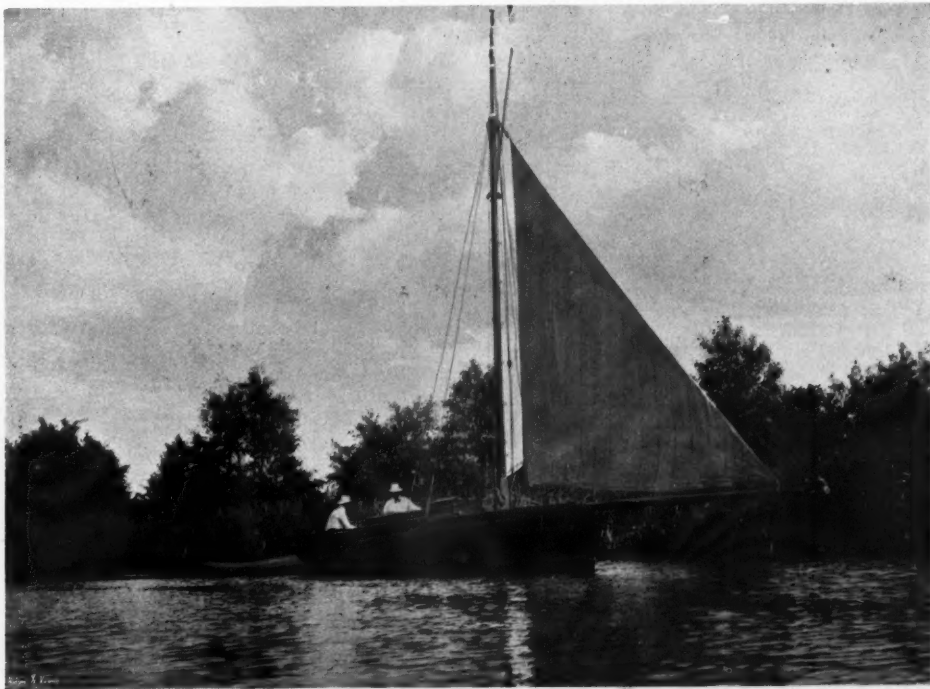
On the other hand, no words of censure can be too strong for the handful of local naturalists and sportsmen who, because they can always get "permits" from the local "owner," sedulously and selfishly back him up in his

claims, with the idea that if the general public can be kept out, their semi-private fishing, etc., will be improved. This is simply subordinating their duties as citizens to support their personal views, and for them to allege as an excuse that all birds and beasts, fishes and flowers would be destroyed if the public had their rights, is idle. All that is wanted is a short Act—there must be one soon as to the sanitary question—to render the Broad as sacred to bird life as the Upper Thames now is. Decent people

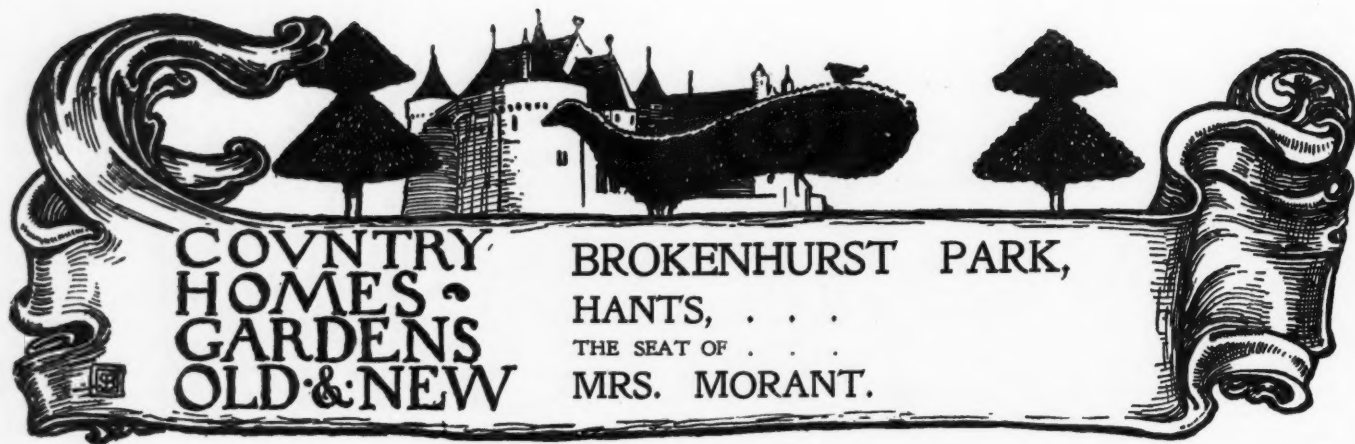
do not object to strict legislation, and rowdies deserve it. It is doubtful if, under any circumstances, the public have a right to shoot on the rivers, but let the matter be put beyond doubt by enacting that no firearm of any sort shall be allowed on any boat under a heavy penalty. This the Yarmouth Port and Haven Commissioners have just done, but I fear without any authority.



A MILL ON THE MARSH.



A LAZY SUMMER'S DAY.



THERE are certain grand characteristics in the immediate surroundings of this beautiful Hampshire house, which are revealed in a large measure by our pictures. The stately form of the long hedges of ilex and yew, the sequestered alleys between those walls of green, the truly imperial aspect of the great court, dignified by its busts of the Cæsars, the noble descent to the long water begemmed with lilies—all these possess an individuality quite their own. They illustrate, however, the spirit of a fine school of gardening which received much of its inspiration from France. There is an extremely beautiful character in the topiary work, which presents neither exaggeration nor extravagance. It has only a quaintness of effect which harmonises with the architecture that neighbours it, and contrasts well with the thick woods which lie beyond. Some reference to the special features of the gardens at Brokenhurst Park must be reserved for another article. Here it may suffice to say something of the country in which these beautiful gardens lie.

There is so much of magnificent woodland hereabout that we cannot forget that here was the great forest of the Norman kings—the forest that has figured so much in history, the New Forest in which the Red King fell. Time was when the village

of Brokenhurst was almost in the centre of the forest, but it is now only a border village, consisting of one long straggling street, and possessing a church with some Norman portions which carry us back to the earliest forest days.

Mr. John R. Wise, who wrote a notable book upon the New Forest, made the truthful remark that, if the church had been somewhat disfigured, the approach to it remained in all its beauty. "For a piece of quite English scenery nothing can exceed this. A deep lane, its banks a garden of ferns, its hedge matted with honeysuckle and woven together with bryony, runs winding along a side space of green to the gate, guarded by an enormous oak, its limbs now fast decaying, its rough bark grey with the perpetual snow of lichens, and here and there burnished with soft streaks of russet-coloured moss, whilst behind it in the churchyard spreads the gloom of a yew, which, from the Conqueror's day to this hour, has darkened the graves of generations." These, indeed, are old patrician trees, mighty in their girth and dignified in their antiquity. The oak, covered with ivy, has a circumference of 21ft., while the enormous hollow yew measures 17ft. They are the immediate neighbours of Brokenhurst Park, which, for our descriptive purpose, they bring into relation with the old forest of Hampshire.





"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—THE CANAL AT BROKENHURST PARK.

How the New Forest was formed is written variously in our histories. Let Ordericus Vitalis first tell his story. "Learn now, my reader, why the forest in which the young prince was slain received the name of the New Forest. That part of the country was extremely populous from early times, and full of well-inhabited hamlets and farms. A numerous population cultivated Hampshire with unceasing industry, so that the southern part of the district plentifully supplied Winchester with the products of the land. When William I. ascended the throne of Albion, being a great lover of forests, he laid waste more than sixty parishes, compelling the inhabitants to emigrate to other places, and substituted beasts of the chase for human beings, that he might satisfy his ardour for hunting. Two of his sons, Richard and William Rufus, as well as his grandson Richard, perished in this forest; and apparitions of various kinds were seen there, to the great alarm of some persons, and in this way the Lord manifested his displeasure that consecrated churches had been ruined to make a shelter for wild beasts." William of Jumieges also tells the tale of wanton ravage, and Knyghton, in the fourteenth century, swells the story to the wasting of twenty-two mother churches and many more; in relation to which it may be remarked that no evidence of the foundation of these alleged churches can be discovered, and that the only two churches which are mentioned in Domesday, Brokenhurst and Milton, are standing at the present day. We all know, in the words of the Anglo-Saxon



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THE EMPERORS' ENTRANCE.

"C.L."

chronicler, that the Conqueror "loved the tall deer as if he had been their father." But, clearly, he did not ravage churches wholesale, and as to the abundant fertility of which Ordericus speaks, it is enough to say that the character of the soil made it impossible.

In these days the forest is not what it was in feudal times, then equally rich both in vert and venison. In the eighteenth century the great oaks of the forest many a time bowed low under the woodman's axe. The demand for timber for the Navy was extremely great, and it was largely supplied from the New Forest, where much unlawful destruction went on. It is alleged that the forest officers disposed of valuable timber at the price of firewood, giving twenty sticks (or trimmed trunks of trees) to the dozen, which found their way into the hands of confederates who had timber-yards, and who sold the wood at the full price to Portsmouth Dockyard. About the year 1850 an official enquiry was made into the state of the forest, and the Deer Removal Act was passed, but the result was unsatisfactory, and the axe of the destroyer continued its work until an enquiry in the House of Commons in 1875 stayed his hand. The deer had been nominally exterminated, but fallow deer continued to find shelter in the glades in considerable numbers, and a few red deer also existed in the more retired parts.

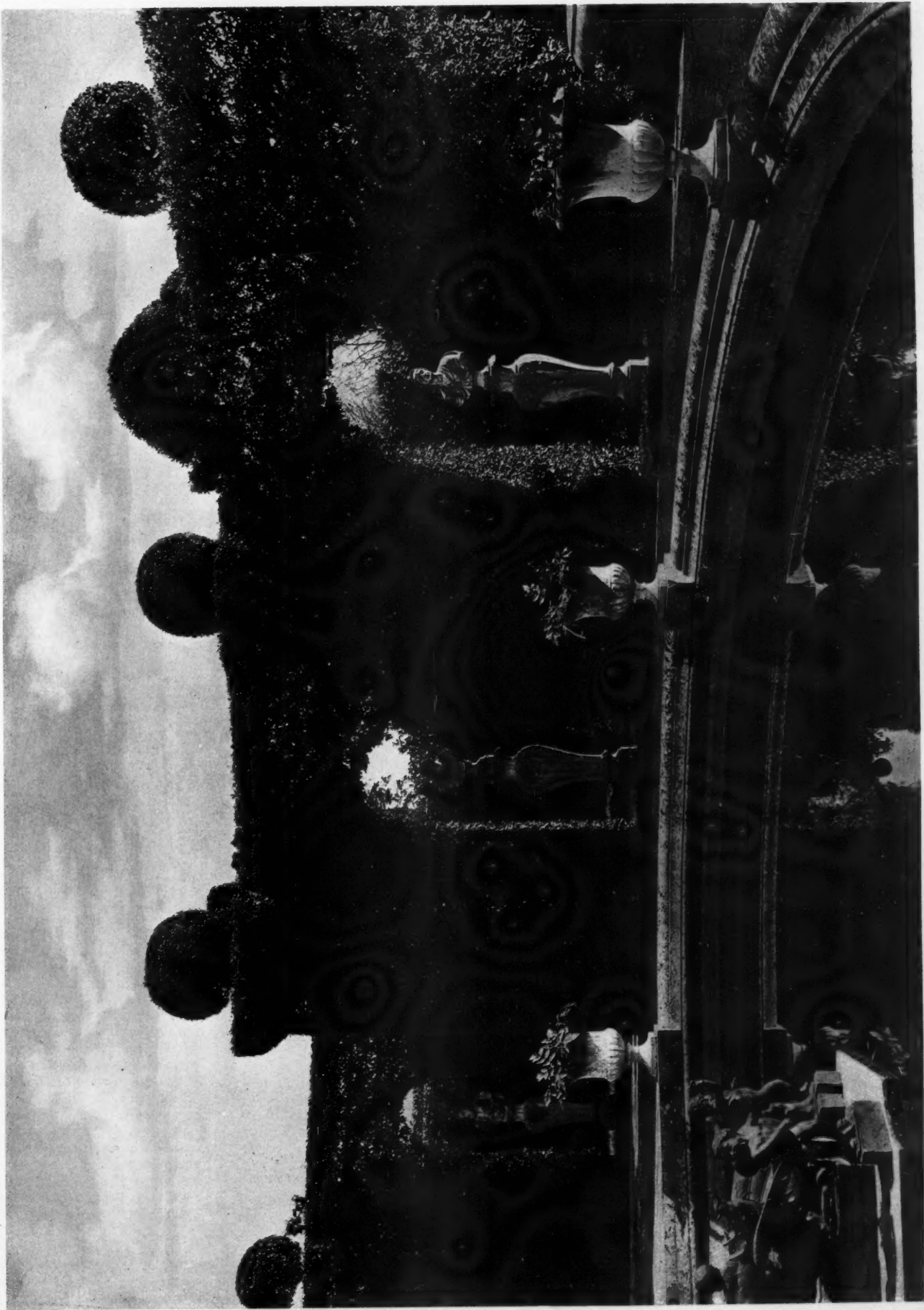
It is the northern region of the forest that has suffered the least from modern changes, but in the south, in the district about



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GREEN COURT AND MEDLAR.

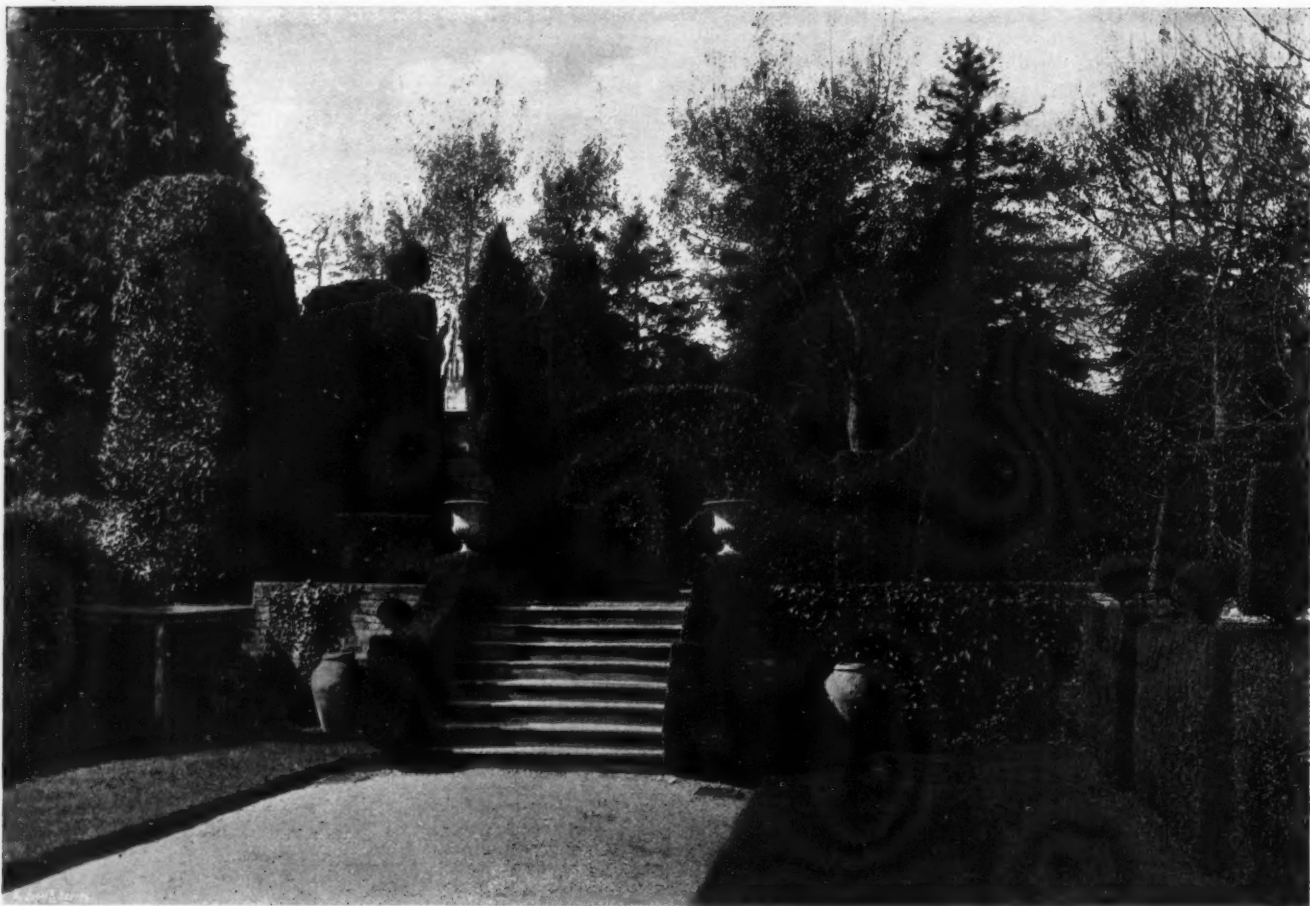
"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—BROKENHURST PARK: THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

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THE EASTERN SIDE OF COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Brokenhurst, the country is extremely beautiful, with the added charm of fine sea views. Gilpin, who was a true forest lover, and vicar of the neighbouring parish of Boldre, in whose churchyard his body rests, spoke of the region about Brokenhurst and Boldre as the most picturesque, because there the trees close in thickly. The principal kinds are oak, beech, holly, and noble thorns, with an underwood of gorse and holly. Gilpin says the oaks "have a character peculiar to themselves; they seldom rise into lofty stems, as oaks usually do in richer soil, but their branches, which are more adapted to what shipbuilders call knees and elbows, are commonly twisted into the most picturesque forms." Brokenhurst means the "Wood of the Badger," and still some badgers may be found hereabout, but the chief

inhabitants of the woodland are the squirrels and rabbits, with the New Forest pig—not a wild animal, however—which feeds richly on acorns and beech-mast.

The charms of Brokenhurst Park and its garden will be divined by the pictures on these pages, but the charm of the Brokenhurst region is found, as Mr. Wise says, in the forest. "To the north runs the small forest stream, blossomed over in the summer with lilies. On the left lies Black Knoll, with its waste of heath and gorse running up to the young plantations of New Park. On the right is Balmor Lawn, with its short sweet turf, where herds of cattle are pasturing, stretching away to Holland Wood, with old thorns scattered here and there, in the spring lighting up the wood with their white and fragrant blossoms." There is a beautiful forest avenue from Brokenhurst to Lyndhurst. "From every hilltop gleam the blue waters of the English Channel, broken in the foreground by the Isle of Wight downs and the white chalk walls of the Needles. Nowhere, in extent at least, spread such stretches of heath and moor, golden in spring with the blossom of furze, and in the autumn purple with heather and bronze with the fading ferns. Nowhere in England rise such oak woods, their boughs rimed with the frostwork of lichens, and dark deep groves with their floors of red-brown leaves on which the branches weave their warp and woof of light and shade."

Here, then, are wonderfully beautiful surroundings for the stately grounds of Brokenhurst Park. Hampshire is a county famous for seats of past and present fame. Bramshill, Strathfieldsaye, Highclere, Hackwood, Cranbury, Hurstbourne, and many more are within its bounds. Yet it may be questioned whether anywhere within the shire are



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A CORRIDOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gardens such as those of Brokenhurst Park, whose surroundings, as Warner says in his "Collections for the History of Hampshire," are "all in the richest style of wood scenery, whilst several oaks spread their venerable shade around and give a grandeur and dignity to the spot which Art, with all her tricks, could never have produced." In the gardens themselves some master hand has worked, and the finest taste has ruled the laying out of the garden plan, and the adaptation of the sculpture and masonry with which the enclosures are adorned.

IN THE GARDEN.

FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS.

IN continuation of our notes on this subject, which it is agreeable to know are much appreciated at this planting time, the next group to consider is the *Ceanothus*.—This is somewhat tender, so much so that in the Midlands and the North protection in winter is essential. *C. azureus* is the best known, with ample deep green leafage, and an abundance in summer of pretty blue flowers. A plant against a wall on a house at Ealing, in Middlesex, has reached to the roof, and is a pleasant picture at all times, especially when in full blossoming. *Ceanothuses* are frequently grown against walls, and are included in all good lists of shrubs for this purpose. *Gloire*

Gum Cistus.—Unfortunately, only suitable for the warm parts of England, and in somewhat light soils. The *Gum Cistus* are shrubs for hot banks and the wilder garden more than for the trim places where things of severer shape are wanted. They are quite resinous, and at all times the dark green leaves are interesting. Their colour is unlike anything else, and the flowers are gloriously beautiful, big, white, crimped petals which soon flutter to the ground, but there is a long continuance of them. In the variety *maculatus* each petal has a big blotch of blood-red at the base. *C. laurifolius* is very handsome too. In Miss Jekyll's "Wood and Garden" (page 37) occurs this reference to the *Gum Cistus*, and we quote it, knowing how well the shrub succeeds at Munstead, where it makes large free groups full of colour and interest: "When my *Rhododendron* beds were first planted, I followed the usual practice of filling the outer empty spaces of the groups with hardy Heaths. Perhaps it is still the best or one of the best ways to begin when the bushes are quite young; for it planted the right distance apart—7 ft. to 9 ft.—there must be large bare spaces between; but now that they have filled the greater part of the beds, I find that the other plants I tried are more to my liking. These are, foremost of all, *Andromeda Catesbaei*, then *Lady Fern*, and then the dwarf *Rhododendron myrtifolium*. The main spaces between the young bushes I plant with *Cistus laurifolius*, a perfectly hardy kind; this grows much faster than the *Rhododendrons*, and soon fills the middle spaces; by the time that the best of its life is over—for it is a short-lived bush—the *Rhododendrons* will be wanting all the space. Here and there in the inner spaces I put groups of *Lilium auratum*, a Lily that thrives in a peaty bed and that looks its best when growing through other plants; moreover, when the *Rhododendrons* are out of flower, the Lily, whose blooming season is throughout the late summer and autumn, gives a new beauty and interest to that part of the garden."



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THE FOUNTAIN COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

de Versailles is, perhaps, more grown than any of the *Ceanothuses*. It is a beautiful flower, blue in colour and produced in racemes, while the leaves are large and of quite a fresh green colour. Warmth and a fairly light soil are necessary. Even near London it is unwise not to protect the *Ceanothuses*. The writer has learnt the need of protection by experience, and this is costly.

Cercis siliquastrum.—This is the Judas Tree, and easily known in spring by its warm rose-purple flowers clustered on the yet leafless branches. It likes a moist soil, but is a success almost anywhere. Although not one of the most important of flowering trees, it is interesting, and with age is picturesque.

Chionanthus virginicus.—The Fringe Tree, so called because of the fringe-like-petalled flowers, which are white and borne in drooping racemes in June and July. It is one of the daintiest of all flowering shrubs; seldom seen, however, in spite of this. It must have a warm, sandy loam, and, although as a rule hardy, suffers in exposed positions when the weather is very severe. It is sometimes grafted, but we would not have a grafted flowering tree or shrub in the garden; it is an evil practice, and results in wholesale deaths in plantations filled with such artificially-raised things. They should be produced from cuttings.

Choisya ternata.—We have written more than once about this charming bush, called the Mexican Orange Flower, because it comes from Mexico and has the white sweet-smelling flowers strongly reminiscent of the Orange. It is quite an evergreen, densely clothed with leaves of bright green, and bears its flower-clusters in spring, and frequently during the autumn and winter when the weather is mild. In some gardens, especially on the warm Surrey soil, it grows with such vigour that wholesale cutting away is necessary, while it is possible to form luxuriant hedges with it. Cold easterly winds are harmful to it, and shelter should be given from these. Where the garden is very cold the *Choisya* must be planted against a wall.

THE DEODAR CEDAR.

The increasing demand for this handsome Cedar during the last few years shows how it is regaining its former popularity. Thirty or forty years ago the Deodar was wanted by everyone who had space to grow it, but after a few years many of those who had acquired it found that their plants either died outright or dwindled away. The reason of this was not far to seek. Someone was clever enough to find out that the Deodar would unite readily when grafted on the Larch, and would also keep in beauty sufficiently long to enable them to be grown to a fair size, and sold. Of all the stupid methods that have been practised in the propagation of Conifers—and there have been many—probably the stupidity of this particular one would be hard to beat. To graft a species at all is bad enough, but to work an evergreen species on a deciduous one is much worse. This grafting of the Deodar led to the neglect for many years of a tree which, when well grown, is one of the most graceful and beautiful of our hardy exotic trees. Seeds are easily procurable, and in the majority of cases germinate freely and quickly, and the seedlings soon make stout little plants, which grow rapidly if on soil at all suitable to them. The young plants, however, are prone to make many shoots, and no proper leader, unless taken in hand at an early stage and every shoot but the leading one kept cut out. A light stick is very useful for a year or two to tie the leader to, after which it will be found well able to take care of itself. In a young state the Deodar should be on fairly good ground, but it requires little or no manure, a light, well-enriched soil suiting it as well as any. The plants should be moved every year, which will assist the formation of fibrous roots. A well-grown young Deodar 5 ft. or 6 ft. in height should move with a ball of soil large enough to require at least two men to lift it. Such a plant, though fairly expensive, is a safe one to buy, as, if it is well planted, and secured against wind, it is certain to thrive, and will not require

replacing the following year. Whether the Deodar will ever serve as a timber tree in this country is at present an open question. There have not been waiting those who have decried it for this purpose, but as it was only introduced in 1831, it is rather premature as yet to either condemn or praise it. Seventy years is not long for testing the merits of a timber tree. The wood has been described as being "very strong and durable, fine grained, fragrant, free from the attacks of insects, and capable of receiving a very high polish." But of course the question arises as to whether the timber of the Deodar would be as good in this country as it is in its native forests of the Himalayas; but from two specimens which we have seen, and which had to be sacrificed to make room for improvements, we should say it would be. These were only young trees, about forty years old, but the wood was strong and deliciously aromatic, and after only a short seasoning took a good polish.

CROCUS LONGIFLORUS.

"S." writes: "Although a Crocus which can be bought at a moderate price, this pretty species is better worth growing than some which are more expensive. Its comparative cheapness has the great advantage of allowing it to be seen in clumps, so as to show its true beauty. That *C. longiflorus* is beautiful no one can deny, especially when in great clumps in the grass or in the flower border, giving in autumn the effect produced by the commoner Crocuses of spring. There are now several nice clumps in the rockeries here, very ornamental in the last days of October and the early ones of November, though its flowering time may last much longer if a sheet of glass is put over the groups before the frost falls upon the flowers, and is removed in the mornings. When the sun shines on them the bright rose lilac flowers are charming, and help to give us that colour we long for in a somewhat dull time in the rock garden. The orange throat and yellow tube add to the interest of the picture. There is a fine variety called *Wilhelmii*. No one, however, need desire anything prettier than the typical *longiflorus*, or *edorus*, as it is sometimes called."

CONFERENCE ON ROSES.

We have just received an intimation that the Rose is to be the subject of a conference next year, which will take place, by kind permission of Lord Ilchester, in the beautiful grounds at Holland House, Kensington. It will be held on June 25th and 26th, and will begin on the first day at half-past two. The Very Rev. the Dean of Rochester will act as president. All interested in Roses should attend this exhibition conference, and see also the gardens of this historic house. The names of the committee are a sufficient guarantee that the gathering will be of both practical and botanical interest.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ROSES.—We should welcome any specially good photographs of Roses, either growing or as cut flowers. If in water they should be in plain glasses, or vases without patterns, and on plain backgrounds. If in the garden they should preferably be without figures or accessories, such as the ironmonger's stock, garden seats, bicycles, or family pets. They should be silver prints, glazed, and not less than half-plate size.



THE BRUSHWOOD SCREEN.

SNIFE SNARING in INDIA

THE native method of catching snipe, ortolans, larks, and other small birds for the market is as follows: A screen of brushwood and leaves is made, large enough to conceal the man, who goes by the name of Mir Shikari, and is of the Mahomedan persuasion. He is also provided with a long jointed rod, made of reeds, which fit one into the other, like a fishing-rod, and the terminal is a strong forked twig well smeared over with bird-lime. Arrived



MIR SHIKARI.

at a likely pitch, his experienced eye soon finds the game, and he gets as close as he can to the selected bird, dropping on his haunches, concealed by the screen. He adjusts his rod, fitting one length into another, and slides it towards the bird with great caution and deliberation. He thus gets the sticky fork within a few feet without alarming his quarry, and thus, with a quick wrist jerk, the bird-lime catches him in the forked twig. The next moment he is transferred to the basket, and the proceedings are repeated until the basket is filled. The photographs show the working, both from Mir Shikari's point of view and from the bird's.

SHADOW FOR ... SUBSTANCE.

THE scope of animal illusions must always be a mystery to us, though we know that they make mistakes as to objects, and that much of the shying of horses is due to defective eyesight or to nervous mistakes as to what they see.

The picture given represents rather a pretty incident. The actor is a Manx kitten. In front, from the box-lid hangs a string, which is gently moving in the wind. The kitten does not see the string, but has concentrated her attention on the shadow, which she was patting with her paw when photographed.

There is no doubt that some animals are very quick at seeing shadows, and do not at all mistake their meaning. Fish use them as a warning, darting off the instant a moving shadow appears on the water. No keen angler would ever let the shadow of his rod fall over a shoal of chub which he hoped to persuade to take a grasshopper. Small

animals and birds in countries where there are many birds of prey habitually soaring above them will squat the instant the tell-tale shadow passes over them. Cloud shadows have a curious effect on butterflies. Some species, like those found on the chalk downs, settle and close their wings as soon as a cloud passes over the sun, and if the rays remain obscured, appear to go to sleep, as if night were coming on. On the other hand, some birds are very alive to the vanishing of shadow and darkness and the appearance of light. Among the



J. S. Ford.

PATTING A SHADOW.

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English species none is more sensitive to this than the common hedge-sparrows. These little birds always fly up to the top of a bush or tree and sing their little song, sweet, but rather monotonous, at the very earliest appearance of light. Last summer when thundery weather was about, very vivid sheet lightning occasionally lit up the sky at midnight. This at once awakened the hedge-sparrows, who duly flew up into their wonted trees, and there began their song, continuing it a few moments after each electric flash.

MRS. RIGGLES DISCLOSES THE SITUATION.

By EVELYN E. RYND.

"WHICH there's crumpits on the fendy," said Mrs. Riggles, with the sigh of one to whom these things are trifles, "an'—"

"It seems a bit 'ot for crumpits, don't it?" interposed Mrs. Smith, in a bright and conversational tone; "crumpits is more a winter dish, aint they?"

"Then don't heat 'em, Ester," said Mrs. Williams, indignantly. "Oo's a harskin' of you? Far better let hotherers, as knows where gratitood is doo, enjoy a coupl or two hextry, than heat 'em yourself with a thankless 'eart."

"I never said as 'ow me 'eart was thankless, Lewcy," said Mrs. Smith, immediately descending into depths of agitation.

"There's no need for you to say it, Ester," said Mrs. Williams, severely. "A child could see it with one eye shut. An' arter Mrs. Riggles's kindness an' all!"

"I'm sure, I—" said Mrs. Smith, sniffing.

"Now, 'ush," admonished Mrs. Williams. "Let pore Merier speak."

"An' strawberry jam in the saucer, Riggles 'avin' sat haccidental on the glass jam-dish, but not the same jam, of course," continued Mrs. Riggles, waving the interruption aside with a dignified hand, "an' 'ot toast in that there covered plate."

"Ah! Merier," said Mrs. Williams, solemnly, "this y'ere's a 'ouse where a body can say grace with a happy 'eart. Many's the time when callin' on famlys not so far horf as is bes' lef' humentioned, it never bein' my way for to complain of 'orsepitality, 'owever pore, 'ave I 'ad to thank the Lord for hall 'is mercies over one plate of bread-and-butter an' the teapot."

"That's the Jonesis, aint it, Lewcy?" said Mrs. Smith, recovering hastily. "I remember the las' time you went to tea with the Jonesis. You bought a penny bun dreely hafterwards, an' walked pas' their winders a heatin' of it careful, which you an' them aint spoke since."

Mrs. Williams started slightly, and glanced at Mrs. Riggles. Mrs. Riggles returned the glance with an air of the most sympathetic comprehension. Mrs. Williams immediately assumed an eye of suffering, and, gazing at the fire, groaned aloud.

"'Ave a crumpit, Lewcy," said Mrs. Riggles, in a deep voice, as one offering consolation to the afflicted.

"Oh, Ester, Ester," said Mrs. Williams, taking a crumpet with another groan.

"What 'ave I said now, Lewcy?" said Mrs. Smith, despairingly, setting down the cup she had raised to her lips.

"You 'avin' sich a sister, Ester," said Mrs. Riggles, in kind reproof, "as hanyone might be thankful for in the manner of a blessin', it is a pity you don't try to live up to 'er a little better."

"I'm sure I'm thankful enough for Lewcy, Merier," said Mrs. Smith, hurriedly drawing forth her handkerchief. "I'm as

thankful as I can be. I know Lewcy's a mixed blessin' to hany family."

"It's not for want of tellin'," said Mrs. Williams gloomily. "I does me best with 'er."

"Live up to 'er, then, Ester," adjured Mrs. Riggles, "live up to 'er."

"Ah! it's reelly 'ardly possibil with 'er drawbacks," said Mrs. Williams, sighing in pious resignation. "Don't be too 'ard on 'er, Merier. 'Ave a crumpit, Ester, an' be more sensibil another time."

Mrs. Smith repressed her rising tears, and, smiling gratefully, took a crumpet.

"You 'ave one too, now, Merier," said Mrs. Williams, persuasively.

"I've 'ad three, thank you, Lewcy," replied Mrs. Riggles, sighing and folding her hands across her waist.

"Well, try 'alf a one, Merier," urged Mrs. Williams. "What's three to a person's tea? It's dreadful to see 'ow picksom you are for a woman of size."

"When the hinside is full of sorrer," said Mrs. Riggles, taking another crumpet with an air of mingled unconsciousness and gloom, "there aint the same room for crumpits that there hotherwise might be."

"Three is a good mouthful of these 'ere large ones, aint it?" said Mrs. Smith, laughing cheerfully, "an' now it's four."

"Ester," said Mrs. Williams, sharply.

"Oh! let 'er say what she likes, Lewcy," said Mrs. Riggles, smiling mournfully.

"It's not crumpits as 'as filled pore Mrs. Riggles," said Mrs. Williams, "as well you might know, Ester, a-countin' of a person's mouthfuls, an' a-makin' of personal remarks like that 'ere."

"I'm sure I never meant to make no personal remark, Lewcy," said Mrs. Smith, much flustered. "I honly said the crumpits was the largist size, an' so I thought they was; but if it's Mrs. Riggles as is the largist size—I mean—at least—"

"Ester," said Mrs. Williams, with a perfect yell of exasperation.

"I was goin' to apolergise, Lewcy," said Mrs. Smith, paling.

"I seed I'd said it wrong."

At that moment there came a faint tap at the front door.

"'Ark!" said Mrs. Riggles, raising her hand. Dead silence immediately prevailed in the cottage. The faint tap came again, and the three ladies looked at each other.

"I knows what it is before'and," said Mrs. Riggles. She rose majestically, and opened the door.

A little child stood outside. It had a pinched face, nervous hungry eyes, and a head covered with splendid yellow curls.

"Please, mum, mother says could you let 'er 'ave the loan of a small sauceping, has ours runs," it said in a small voice.

"This 'ere aint a hironmonger's, nor yet likewise a lendin' library," said Mrs. Riggles, loftily. Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Smith looked surprised. The child stared at her with painful eyes, took a furtive glance at the tea-table, and renewed its intent gaze at Mrs. Riggles. Was it going to get what it came for or not?

"Me saucupings is hali in use," said Mrs. Riggles, and closed the door.

Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Smith started, looked at each other, and looked hastily away.

When Mrs. Riggles returned to the tea-table no one spoke. The tea party proceeded in a dread swiftness, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Smith eating with great rapidity, and looking nowhere but at their plates.

"The weather 'olds still, I see," remarked Mrs. Williams at last, in a tone of surprised interest, looking out of the window as if she had never seen weather out of a window before.

"So it does," said Mrs. Smith, eagerly craning forward. "Don't it, Merier?"

Mrs. Riggles said nothing, but her breast began to heave, whereupon Mrs. Smith plunged into a discomfort so acute that she was unable to sit still.

"Stop fidgetin', Ester," said Mrs. Williams, sharply. "It's quite enough to hupset hanyone's feelin's through sheer giddiness, the way you leaps in your chair."

Mrs. Smith, as one glad of the excuse, immediately sought for her handkerchief, but before she could draw it forth Mrs. Riggles spoke with startling suddenness.

"When I tells you," she said, in a tone of deep agitation, "as 'ow that's the twelfth time to-day a child 'as been to borry somethink, an' hevery time a seprit child with yellor 'air, p'r'aps you'll think different to what you're a doin' of now, which well I perceives you."

"Never could I," said Mrs. Williams, passionately, when she had recovered her breath. "Don't speak it, Merier."

"Nor me neither, Merier," said Mrs. Smith, sniffing; "I'm sure I shall hallways think as I do now."

Mrs. Riggles waved her hand.

"When I tells you," she continued, heaving still more violently, "as 'ow that there woman 'asn't got a Sunday gown to 'er back, let alone a Sunday bonnit to 'er 'ead, you'll maybe be sorry you talked of the weather 'oldin' in the way you did, as clearly I seed through, an' always shall do. When I tells you"—she waved aside anew the despairing protests of Mrs. Williams, and fixed the horrified Mrs. Smith with a stony glare—"as 'ow there's 'ardly a stick of furniture in that there 'ouse, nor a mantil in a cupboard, nor a carpit on a floor, p'r'aps you'll feel remorseful for the hunchrischin way you've 'arbour'd 'ard thoughts again' your put-upon friend, as well I read it in your heye."

Here Mrs. Smith endeavoured to say something, but, being crushed by a gesture, dissolved into tears.

"When I tells you," said Mrs. Riggles, soaring into a last supreme effort of oratory with her final and best effect, "as 'ow they belongs to neither church nor chapil, an' the woman 'asn't got no weddin'-ring on 'er left 'and, maybe you'll not look at heach hother in the same take-me-hup way again when I don't arsk 'er child inter tea, which there's no use a denyin' of it, me 'avin' eyes in me 'ead."

Mrs. Smith's tears dried as if by magic; she emerged, pale and startled, from her handkerchief.

"Merier," said Mrs. Williams solemnly.

"It's trew as I sit 'ere," said Mrs. Riggles, struggling with her agitation. "An' that's me nex'-dore neighbour, me 'only one, me livin' see far hout of the village—me, as 'olds meself that 'igh! Oh, Lewcy, Lewcy, that you hever left me!"

Upon which Mrs. Riggles's and Mrs. Smith's sobs rose simultaneously in a loud wail, and Mrs. Riggles kicked several times slightly on the floor, and called upon Riggles. "Compose yourself, Merier, though doubtless dreadful to the feelin's," said Mrs. Williams firmly. "Take a crumpit, an' a sip of tea, an' 'old the breath in; helse you'll 'ave the 'ighstrikes, which remember 'ow precious you are, Merier, an' struggle accordin'. Ester, you stop that 'owlin', or hout you'll go. Don't you be so ready. There's no call for you to 'owl, a makin' of your feelin's out that sensitive in such a forward manner, as it's none of your business to do. Now, Merier, though mos' tryin' to the feelin's, think of Riggles. What'd 'e do, pore 'art-broke man, if hanythink 'appened to you? Which it's a dang'rous matter for a woman of your size to go a jerkin' of 'erself about in 'eavy gasps like that 'ere, an' I beg your parding 'arty, a seein' of my mistake, though greatly led to it by Ester's silliness a lookin' at me in the way she did, which of course fur would it hever be from you to turn a 'ungry child from the dore, if respectibul."

Thus respectively exhorted and upbraided, Mrs. Riggles and Mrs. Smith recovered. Mrs. Riggles took several gulps from the cup which Mrs. Williams, in an unflinching manner, held tightly against her chin, and said she felt better.

"Sech a stand-by as you are, Lewcy," she added, sniffing faintly.

"Sech a stand-by, Lewcy," echoed Mrs. Smith, sniffing also.

"Me knowin' the value of Merier, Ester," said Mrs. Williams, piously, "as where could we look for a second with sech delicate feelin's as 'ers, its honly natchrul I should struggle fur to keep 'er up at hall corsts, which 'owlin' wouldn't never do it, 'owever powerful. An' if findin' of yourself more composed, Merier, though doubtless dreadful to speak on to one of your 'igh nature, 'ow did it all come about, as it were, if so be as you can tell us?"

"I went inter the 'ouse an' seed it with me own heyes," said Mrs. Riggles, "yesterday."

"Never!" ejaculated Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Smith, simultaneously.

"I did," replied Mrs. Riggles, speaking in short, dramatic sentences. "When she and the children was hout. Which the baby was a yellin' of itself black in the face. Never 'ad she harsked me in, nor as so much as stopped to talk, though I give 'er the chaunst a dozing times, but of course, sendin' of the children ter borry constant, day 'an' night. So I took a good look roun', which I nearly fainted on the spot. Then she come 'ome, an' most hupset she was fur to fin' me. So I ses as how it wasn't my way to let a child 'owl itself to death nex' dore, whatever 'ers might be, an' was she church or chapil, which by then I 'ad me firm suspicions. An' she said as 'ow she didn't know."

"Never!" said Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Smith again, aghast.

"She did," replied Mrs. Riggles, breathing heavily. "Then I 'appened to look at 'er 'and, an' arter that I come 'ome. But I never said nothink to Riggles, me knowin' 'is respectibul notions, an' 'ow hupset 'e'd be. Which the way it's weighed on mine, there ain't no tellin', nor never could be."

"Well can I guess it, Merier," said Mrs. Williams, compassionately. "Ah! I thought there was a somethink about you, Merier, the minit I come in."

"Me 'usbing—" began Mrs. Smith.

"'Ush, Ester," said Mrs. Williams.

"Me 'usbing—" began Mrs. Smith again.

"Will you 'ush, Ester," said Mrs. Williams, reproachfully. "You're hallways a burstin' in. 'Oo wants to 'ear about your 'usbing. Let poor Merier speak."

"Not a mantil, not a carpet, not a stick in the place," repeated Mrs. Riggles, groaning.

"Me 'usbing said as 'ow they said they'd got a secon' cart a-comin'," said Mrs. Smith, very rapidly.

"An' why couldn't you say so before, Ester," said Mrs. Williams, bitterly. "A keepin' of things that secret to yourself, as I suppose you calls brotherly love between sisters."

"Whatever they said," said Mrs. Riggles, gloomily, "there's been no secon' cart come. But what I wants to tell you, Lewcy an' Ester—don't you tell no one."

"No one," echoed Mrs. Smith, blankly, her animated countenance falling.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Williams, gazing intelligently at Mrs. Riggles.

"No one," repeated Mrs. Riggles, firmly. "Let me tell you, Ester, there's sech a thing as a label."

"I know there is, Merier," said Mrs. Smith, eagerly. "What goes on leggidge." Mrs. Riggles and Mrs. Williams glanced pityingly at each other.

"Still, she's not ser far hout," said Mrs. Riggles, with patronising kindness, "that's the hideer, of course; it come from that, Ester, certingly. Its somethin' you puts upon somebody helse, like on a packidge, as it were, as they says don't belong to 'em, which it generally does, but safrist not to repeat it."

"I thought I wasn't ser far hout," said Mrs. Smith, beaming with pleasure.

"Which don't you get no nearer it, Ester, let me tell you," added Mrs. Williams, with startling vigour, "or to prizing you goes."

"'Ard labour," added Mrs. Riggles, warningly, "which it's best to frighten you a bit."

"An' severil years of it," said Mrs. Williams. "Look at Mrs. Brown and the Days."

"So not a word to no one, Ester," finished Mrs. Riggles, emphatically.

Mrs. Smith, pale with apprehension and extreme bewilderment, promised solemnly.

"I shall see inter this meself, of course," said Mrs. Riggles.

"What did I say, Lewcy, 'Andsome is as 'andsome does,' ses I."

"You did, indeed, Merier," said Mrs. Williams, with an admiring groan.

"An' now it's clear as 'andsome doesn't," continued Mrs. Riggles. "I 'ope I knows me dooty. Let no one think as 'ow it's 'er yellow 'air."

"An' there I quite agrees with you, Merier," said Mrs. Smith, thoughtfully. "It's 'er blue heyes as takes me most, too."

"Which, if necessary," said Mrs. Riggles, ignoring this remark, "I shall harsk you, Lewcy, an' you, Ester, to come up with me to the Vicar. You, Lewcy, as bein' a stand-by, an' you, Ester, as bein' 'er sister, and meanin' well, if foolish at times, sech as jus' now."

"Thank you, Merier," said Mrs. Smith, beaming anew.

"But till certing," added Mrs. Riggles, "not a word to no one. Which come in again on Toosdy, Riggles being out on 'is rounds."

The three ladies parted solemnly, as befitted those burdened with a secret, and one, too, of such dire import as luck seldom brought their way.

THE BOOK of the LILY.

By AN AMATEUR.

IT is essential that an appreciation of "Lilies for English Gardens" should be written in a personal tone. In the first place, the book is an instalment, and a valuable instalment, too, of the "COUNTRY LIFE Library"; in the next, it is compiled from information which has been collected with great care for the *Garden*, the best and the best-produced of English garden papers; in the last place, it contains also some original chapters from the hand of Miss Jekyll, whose pleasant and practical books, written of her delightful abode in Surrey and its surroundings, have obtained high esteem wherever good English and good gardening are honoured as they ought to be. It, therefore, behoves COUNTRY LIFE to speak modestly in praise of a book which may be regarded as its offspring, and since this is (as all who see the book will admit at once) quite out of the question, the Editor has taken the course of entrusting the book to a warm amateur of gardening and a very amateur gardener. I am that amateur, and I proceed to my task in all proper humility.

"A Guide for Amateurs"—so runs the sub-title, and I, who have so often been deluded by so-called guides and hand-books (which nearly always leave out material points, because the amateur is supposed to know all about them), began by ruminating over these words before opening the rest of the book. What things are those which the amateur desires to know about lilies, the flowers that "toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these"? He knows already that of all the flowers that in the garden grow the lily is the most pure. The rose may dispute the palm for beauty and for fragrance—of a truth the lily is sometimes a trifle overpowering in its odorous sweetness—but there is no doubt that the lily, which the Virgin Mary is depicted bearing in her hand, is the traditional and appropriate emblem of



LILIAM TESTACEUM IN THE GARDEN LANDSCAPE.

Lilium giganteum with its wide leaves in a bay of a wood, a single plant of the same with flowers 10in. long, longiflorum with snow-white trumpets 5in. wide at the odorous mouth, a field of the same in Japan, *Neilgherrense*, a stately flower, and scores more of graceful pictures besides, show one exactly what has been done, and what may be done again. There are lilies erect, lilies with drooping heads, whole hedges of the Madonna lily, two of them under an exquisite pergola in Venice, the true home of the pergola, *japonicum* standing in ghost-like purity against a dusky background of wood. Then the whole of the *tigrinum* class, which includes *auratum*, is beautifully shown, and yet the list is nowhere near to exhaustion. "Lilies, lilies, all the way," is surely a pardonable variant upon a familiar quotation.

As to the manner of growing them all, Miss Jekyll tells us everything she knows, and, with a frankness which is rare

among gardening authors, does not hesitate to say where her absolute knowledge ceases. The lessons to be learned appear to me to be primarily that there are lilies, such as *candidum*, the commonest lily of all, which make roots from the base of the bulb only, and others, such as *auratum*, which make roots on the stem, a short distance above the apex of the bulb, also. One must plant accordingly, shallow or deep. Thus one may notice



LILIAM AURATUM.

that the common lily, if left to itself, will push its bulb up (unless indeed the earth is washed away from the bulb) until nearly the whole is exposed, and still flourish. To ignorance of the stem-rooting principle, or to want of observation of it, I can personally trace many a failure. With this book before one such failure should be impossible, for the author is at pains to specify all the varieties which require deep planting, and to distinguish them from those for which such planting is not required. Then there are lilies which show by their bare or scantily clad stems that they like the protection of bushes, and indeed there are very few of them which are not the better for some little protection against frost.

Upon the important, one might almost think the vital, question of soil, Miss Jekyll, aided by her co-editor of the *Garden*, Mr. E. T. Cook, has obtained a great deal of useful information from answers to a circular catechism. From these it is difficult to gather any general conclusion save that in no case is a failure recorded from the red loam or the sandstone and peat of Devon. *Brownii* did well everywhere, sometimes very, sometimes fairly, sometimes simply well (but here the personal equation comes in), save in green-sand on strong soil in Radnorshire; *elegans* well everywhere, *Hansonii* the same, *Humboldtii* well, save in loam in Surrey, *Krameri* well, except in loam in Surrey (one begins to suspect that humanity may be answerable for some of the failures of the Surrey loam), *longiflorum* is clearly of doubtful value for outdoor culture, *pardalinum* shows wonderfully adaptable nature, for it flourishes in loam in Northumberland, in peat sand and loam in Devon, in stiff calcareous soil over clay



THE WHITE LILY IN A COTTAGE GARDEN.

in Hants, in moist alluvial soil near Dublin, in other soils, totally distinct, in Worcestershire, Durham, and Sussex. Superbum has much the same record as *speciosum*, and both seem to thrive almost anywhere.

Various as are the results in the way of information obtained from this interesting enquiry, the main impression which they leave on the mind is that there are few places indeed in which a fair collection of beautiful lilies may not be brought together if care be exercised in choosing the varieties best suited to the locality, if patience be shown in the face of occasional failure, which, after all, may be the fault of the cultivator, and, above all, if sufficient pains be taken in the way of providing shelter from wind and protection from frost. But it is none the less clear

that the lily tribe is capricious, and that its ways of flourishing and of not flourishing are not always to be accounted for. Most capricious of all is the common white lily, especially in the matter of disease. "One year a whole row will be in perfect beauty, and the next they will be all infected." My own experience, and that of a very eminent lady-gardener of my acquaintance, is that the effects of late frost are often mistaken for disease; for I well remember that last year the Madonna lilies in my garden where they were exposed in the open nearly all perished, while those which were in a sheltered corner thrived very well.

Perhaps it is in the directions touching the use of lilies, growing and as cut flowers, that Miss Jekyll is at her very best. You may grow them among ferns, in the rock garden, among shrubs, in pots for grouping with funkia or other foliage plants in quiet corners out of doors. It is good, too, to plant them in such an environment that "they need not be staked, for staking deprives the plant of one of its most beautiful ways, that of swaying to the movement of the air. But, as for the lilies which are white or pale in hue, save the common white lily, they must be combined with greenery, and not with ordinary garden flowers." The white lily is made an exception for the sake of tradition and association. Also, as to lilies as cut flowers, there are some useful hints. "Their nobility of aspect necessarily restricts the choice of kinds of foliage to be put with them. Nothing small or petty can come near these lilies; the leafage that is put with them must have some kind of dignity of its own." Foliage suggested is that of *magnolia grandiflora*, of *aucuba*, *funkia*, globe artichoke, or maize; and I am bound to say that an illustration of the Nankeen lily, embowered in maize leaves, is as pretty a picture in the small way as might be desired. In fine, this is a perfectly beautiful book, and absolutely practical withal.

O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

S HORT of being stopped by frost, it would be hard to suffer weather more unfavourable for hunting than we have had since the season began. The ground has never really been fit for galloping and jumping. The rain of last week did little more than make the surface slippery and treacherous, and since then a succession of hard frosts has made things worse. As I write I am doubtful whether it will be possible to hunt at all on the morrow; at the best it can be but a doubtful pleasure. Yet the past week has been marked by some good sport and one remarkable run. Sometimes I think that this run was typical of the pleasure we may expect from hunting in the future. From East Carlton in the Woodland Pychley country to Sheephorns (near Tur Langton) in Mr. Fernie's country is, given a successful crossing of the railway, about as good a line as a fox could take.

The fox found in Lord Doune's coverts at Dingey was bold and straight-necked, for he entered no covert. The scent was excellent, and hounds ran as though tied to their fox. But the run was unridable in a direct line; no one, that is, could ride to hounds for a great part of the way because of wire. Now that is what is going to happen to hunting in a great many districts, if indeed it has not happened already. Wire is a cheap fence, and effectual, and the beasts are left in the fields longer than of old. True, the hunt will take down the wire and put it up again if allowed to do so; but wire, when it is present, thwarts the growth of the hedges, and so, when it is removed, the work of the farm is upset. Therefore in many places the wire will remain up. In others, indifference or positive ill-will keeps it in its place. So that there are likely to be for some time to come, possibly always, large tracts of country which cannot be ridden over in safety or comfort; therefore hunting people must look for their pleasure less to riding and more to hunting. It was quite possible to follow the line of Monday's run with the help of roads and gates and the bridle-paths so frequent in Leicestershire. The pleasures possibly were to see the hounds driving along, sometimes almost alone, to watch them swing round and pick up the line if for a moment they had outrun it, and to listen to the full chorus or the echoing chiming of hound music, which has become in our days doubly needful, since even the best of us must hunt by ear sometimes nowadays. The better the pack the stronger the music. Note the cases of the Belvoir, the P. tchley bitches, and the Cottesmore dog pack. Thus the few fortunate persons who were on terms with the pack, after two of their number had involved themselves in wire, did the best they could, and managed to reach Sheephorns with or close to the pack. Hounds had their fox fairly beaten by this time, but Sheephorns is a covert most difficult to kill a beaten fox in, owing to the thick, close undergrowth, through which a fox can crawl easily, while the hounds find it difficult to move about in it. Then there were at least five or six other foxes in the covert. These went away, to the distraction of hounds. "I could have caught him myself," said one of the field, but hounds could not, and so eventually he had to be left. Will he be there when Mr. Fernie's come next time? Possibly; but a fox so beaten does not always recover after a long run. A rather wild day was Tuesday. Squalls came sweeping down from time to time, bringing rain which everyone was glad enough to see, though it was disagreeable at the time. The Cottesmore gathered a large field at Tilton Stonepits, and a morning of ordinary woodland work followed. Fortunate were those who were on fresh horses when the run of the season began from a spinney—name to me unknown. There was a real scent. Hounds seemed to run equally hard up wind or down. Thatcher was nearest to the pack, his first whipper-in close enough to be of use if wanted, and the Master with his eyes on the leading hounds. There were about four or five men who really saw the gallop, and the rest of the field were more or less scattered. The run was in no sense straight. Part, at least, was over the Skeffington Vale, the wide pastures and stiff fences of which are unmistakable, and apt to daunt all but the best. The pack all but reached John o' Gaunt, but swept over the railway to the right in dire peril of a goods train, being saved, indeed, from disaster by the prompt hub made by a good driver and guard. Horses were labouring now, some reduced to the road, and with their fox right

in front and hounds running for blood they were stopped at Owston Wood, where preparations were being made for a snoot. Every horse was reduced to a trot. The point was not indeed, a great one, but the distance covered was considerable. The boundary of the Quorn and Mr. Fernie's hunts was the scene of most of the run. It was a fine run, and another instance of the good sport enjoyed with these hounds. Wednesday offered no pack within reach, so there was nothing for it but to take the train and look at the Belvoir. It was in no sense an attractive day for an excursion to a fresh country. The rain came down and the wind blew. Then the sport was moderate, the afternoon being spent in villa back gardens at Melton, where mean-spirited foxes dodged about. In the morning things were better, though the chief part of the fun was a hesitating sort of hunt from Burbidge's Covert into the Cottesmore country. The pace warmed up over the Burton flats. We should, perhaps, have been even more appreciative had we known what was in store for us. But of that presently. No more acute disappointment in respect of weather could have been than last Thursday. On Tuesday and Wednesday it rained, and a pleasant south-westerly wind blew. Nothing but a continuance of such weather was needed to make the prospects of sport most attractive. What there was was a gaudy sun and a bitter northerly wind. The drive to Sinton Wyville was bitterly cold, to climb into the saddle with perished limbs a difficulty. Nor was the prospect of a morning on the slopes of Langton Caudwell very promising. Yet the going was fair. A fox—no, I think there were two—broke from the Caudwell Coverts. One ran over the hill towards Langton, and one took a circuit and swung back and probably to ground. At Glooston Wood there was a quick find, and hounds were running in covert. Here misfortune befel us; some of the field managed to head the fox. How he escaped is one of those things which pass explanation; but escape he did. Determined to make his point, he broke almost immediately on the Keythorpe side of the wood. Hounds, settling to their work at once, ran well down into the dip and over the roadway into the big pastures. For a moment or two we were galloping quite gaily, and a good many flung over a post and rails to avoid a congested gateway; but in the cold air scent was but catchy, and the fox at his leisure made his escape. It was known that there was another fox in the wood we started from, and back we went. The next fox broke almost at the same place as the former one, and things looked better, when it was a case of "Who-whoop" over a rabbit-hole—a game much too frequent with our foxes. Want of scent has much to do with it, as a hard-pressed fox often has no time to think of refuges of that sort.

The Quorn were very lucky to bring off a run on Friday from Great Dalby. There was a large gathering, this fixture being easy of access for the Cottesmore men, and quite within comfortable reach of Harborough by train. Lord Manners, Lady Angela Forbes, and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan were among those who came over the border. The newest arrival was Mrs. Bertie Sheriffe, who came out on wheels; she and her husband arrived at Acacia Lodge last week. Mr. Seabrooke came from the Vale of Belvoir, and Messrs. J. and F. Bellville from Mr. Fernie's. A good many of the ladies were driving. I fancy most people thought that hunting would be impossible. About a quarter to one the ground softened a little, so Captain Burns-Hartopp gave the word. There was a fox in Cream Gorse, but he was of no account. Quite a change came over the state of things by the time Brooksby Spinneys were reached. The sun had had time to warm the ground. The field were cheered by a rare chorus of hound music, then the pick, coming out, raced along by the side of the road. The pastures, however, were distinctly safer than the road or the grass by its side. Every now and then a slide at the take off and a peck on landing reminded us of the state of the ground. Hounds next swung away over the hill, and Gaddesby Spinney was noted on the right. Then a drain received the fox at Gaddesby Grange, whence he was quickly bolted and killed. The run was a good half-hour snatched from the frost, which settled down upon us on the night of Friday. The Quorn were not the only pack to have sport, for the Belvoir, so I hear, managed a very fair hunt in the Lincolnshire district round Sir George Whichcote's place at Aswarby.

The Atherstone Hounds, meeting at Three Pots, did a great deal of work. Mr. Hardy, Lord Dentigh, Captain Bellasis, and Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Rice were among the comparatively small field. It was almost a relief that a fox found in Aston Firs refused to leave for nearly half-an-hour. After all his dodging in covert this fox was unable to get away from hounds, and when at last he broke covert the pack were at his brush. Close to him they raced, making their followers almost forget the state of the ground. He only ran rings round Burbage Wood, but that was rather an advantage. It would have been almost impossible to keep on terms with the pack if there had been a straight-necked fox in front of them. The Master ordered another draw, but scent grew worse as evening came on.

It is satisfactory to know that Sir Robert Wilmot and Frank Goodall are showing good sport in Berks and Bucks with the new staghounds. The Buckinghamshire side of this country was always a favourite with followers of "The Queen's." Chalfont St. Peter is a pretty village, under a score of miles from London, but there is some excellent wild country round it. A deer will as a rule skirt a big wood rather than enter it, so that though a woodland district a fair proportion of sport is in the open. The hounds are wonderfully steady, if we consider that they are a pack made up of drafts. The best of the run was from Chorley Wood bottom to Rickmansworth. For good hunting

just now there is no country in the provinces, so-called, so well provided as Worcestershire. Of the North Cotswold and the brilliant sport shown by Mr. Charles McNeill I have already written. Then there is no more sporting hunt, or one better supported, than the Croome, a hunt founded by Lord Coventry. A succession of good Masters have followed one another since Lord Coventry gave up the hounds, and Mr. A. B. Wrangham and the present joint Masters, Mr. H. Coventry and Mr. Dudley Smith, have taken immense pains to keep up the standard of the pack. They have also had Lord Coventry's judgment to fall back upon. Lady Coventry and her daughters, Lady Barbara Dudley Smith, and Lady Dorothy were and are among the most skilful riders to hounds in England. They could all ride, which is much, but they understood hunting, which is more. Mrs. R. S. Bignall, too, must not be forgotten among lady riders of the day. A meet at Mr. Dudley Smith's house, Strensham Court, is one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable, the beauty of the house and the grouping of the well-mounted crowd making up a picture often painted and often described, but which never fails to strike one afresh. From Strensham Court these hounds had a long day of bad scent. Some went home, so ne grew slack, and it was very few out of the morning's assemblage who saw the pleasant gallop of perhaps twenty minutes that redeemed the day from dulness.

So many hunting men are interested in polo that I make no apology for a line about two interesting events connected with the game that have lately become known. Captain E. D. Miller, D.S.O., and Mr. George Miller have resigned their connection with Ranelagh. They will start a new club at Roehampton, and it is understood that they will have the support of Sir Humphrey de Trafford and many of the officers of the Guards stationed in London. The well-known organising abilities of the Millers, as well as the fact that they can play the game as well as and teach it better than anyone else, should make the new club a success. Mr. C. D. Miller, the famous Rugby team No. 4, will have the general management. There are to be three grounds, so that matches, members' games, and practice can all be comfortably provided for. X.



G. D. Croker. THE DOWAGER LADY CAREW.

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A CENTENARIAN LADY

IT is a long time since the battle of Waterloo was fought, but we seem to be taken back to it by the picture of the venerable Dowager Lady Carew, for she was one of those who chased the glowing hours with flying feet at the time when the

first rumble of cannon made the non-combatants fly to their carriages, in the manner so amusingly described by Thackeray. She was born in 1798, so that on the night of the historic ball at Brussels she was a girl of seventeen, and, had she but known it, eighty-seven years of life still stretched before her, since she died on November 14th, at the extraordinary age of 103. Like many centenarians, she retained her faculties till very near the end of her life, and those who met her quite recently describe her as exhibiting interest in most of the doings that went on round her. She was Irish, but not remarkable for the characteristic fun and vivacity, but was rather a tranquil, even-minded old lady, who did not expose herself to unnecessary wear and tear, though, at the same time, of a very kind and pleasant disposition that made her extremely popular in County Waterford. She was the daughter of Major Cliffe, of Abbey Braney, and as she was married at the age of eighteen, her case goes to show that a wife and mother has as much chance as an old maid of becoming a centenarian. Her husband was Robert Shapland Carew, who in 1834 was raised to the peerage as Baron Carew. The present holder of the title is her grandson. Her century was one of many changes, and when in the mood she could make delightful conversation about the facts and fashions familiar to her earlier years.

RACING NOTES.

BUT a few days more, at any rate something less than a week, and the flat-racing season of 1901 will be a thing of the past; and I very much doubt whether any season during the last few years has been more productive of incidents and accidents of all sorts and all kinds, though it is quite questionable whether several of the accidents which have occurred are things to be regretted. If there is one feature of the season which stands out above the others, it has been the advent and the subsequent exodus of the American contingent, accompanied as it has been from the beginning with a pleasant incidents. Whether the American

nature contains in itself a greater proportion of combativeness than is to be found among the people of other nations, I do not know, but the fact remains that from the moment when Tod Sloan achieved his meteoric success until the present time, trouble and bother have always been rife in connection with the American racing people. It would be idle, fruitless, and unproductive to endeavour to sift out the controversy into its component proportions of right and wrong, but I may perhaps be excused if I refrain from expressing any considerable amount of regret at the departure of an element which, either intentionally or otherwise, has proved a cause of great and lasting disturbance to everybody concerned. Who will be here next year from the other side? Maher, perhaps, and—well, hardly anybody else. If we cannot be certain who will be here, we have sufficient evidence before us to tell who are likely to be absentees. First and foremost, as we know, Mr. Whitney has said good-bye to England definitely, and when his name is considered with relation to the others he is seen to stand out by himself; and it is indeed a far cry from Mr. Whitney to Lester Reiff, who, from causes not entirely under his own control, will not be found on the Carholme when the "saddling bell," so dear to the heart of sporting writers, rings in the season. So far, these things have been matters of general knowledge, but the force of example is always powerful, and we find that L. Wishard has made the necessary arrangements to transfer his training establishment to the other side of the Channel, that J. Reiff will also be found on the French Turf, and likewise Rigby. Gray goes further still, and will ride in Austria, whither also Clemson will journey. In the face of Mr. "Kincaid's" extraordinary success with Epsom Lad, it might have been expected that Alvarez and Gomez would have secured employment for an almost indefinite time from him, but either the terms offered were too small or their longing to get home was too great—it matters but little which; the eventual result is that they intend to make their way back to the States at the earliest opportunity, and this, I think, completes the list, and it will be almost a matter of difficulty to recognise flat-racing when it once more recommences under such altered conditions. One thing there remains for which to pray, and to pray earnestly, and that is that the American camp-followers who came over in attendance upon their more illustrious fellow-countrymen will do themselves the honour of once more taking the lead which is extended to them, and going back to the "place from whence they came"; and even if they followed out the concluding words of the sentence and travelled "thence to the place of execution," both the American Turf and the English Turf would suffer but little loss. The unsavoury is always an unpleasant thing, and it would be useless to dig up scandals which have died away, since it could serve no good purpose, but anybody who has any real grip of racing matters in this country will endorse the statement that there has been more trouble between bookmakers and backers during the last few months than has taken place since the days of the Jockey Ring, and, saying more, it is perfectly safe to assert that some of this trouble has been imported.

It would require Mr. Holt Schooling, or somebody with the same extraordinary faculty for complicated statistics, to work out what is the correct percentage of serious accidents in proportion to the races which have been run during the last five years; and I very much believe that if the percentage could be arrived at, it would be something in decimals. It is the more curious, then, that out of the very limited number of serious accidents which have taken place, several have fallen to the lot of the Loates family. I remember only too well seeing T. Loates carried into the paddock at Manchester after Troon had slipped up and killed himself on the rails at the bottom corner in the Prince Edward Handicap of 1896, and in many ways the mishap which befel S. Loates at Northampton last week was exceedingly similar. On both days the light was none too good, and, if I am not mistaken, the date in both cases fell in the month of November. But in another way the cases differ very considerably. The death of Troon was pure bad fortune, and no amount of foresight or precaution could have avoided it; but at Northampton things were different, and how the unfortunate man who ran across the course and made all the trouble came to have the opportunity of so doing is a question which should be put to somebody, and which somebody should be made to answer. It is all very well to suggest that the task of keeping the course clear at Northampton is a difficult undertaking, but because an undertaking is difficult it does not follow that it is impossible; and where danger to life and limb is concerned it is the duty of the officials to attempt and carry out anything which falls even a little short of the impossible. I have heard, though the authority upon which the fact is stated is far from infallible, that Mr. Randall, who came down in company with Loates and Dainty, will have many things to say to the Northampton executive which will be not pleasant hearing, and although I am rather afraid that his ground for action is not very strong, it would be well if the question of responsibility was saddled upon the right shoulders once and for all.

It is a little difficult to sustain a high level of interest in handicaps throughout the season, even to the back end, and on this account, and for this reason only, the Derby Cup did not meet with the amount of attention which it undoubtedly deserved. Owners show a pardonable desire to run their horses as often as possible during the last few weeks of the season, having in view the all-important subject of the winter's keep, and it was not surprising to see nearly thirty horses turn out, and on paper at least ten of them seemed to have a chance of success, while

Tantalus, Rambling Katie, Hulcot, Black Sand, Sidus, and Light Comedy all had more or less distinguished records to show. But the form of a race-horse, like the nature of a woman, requires much study, and is difficult to understand; and in this instance all calculations and all theories were completely upset by First Principal, who won, when and where he pleased, thus rewarding his patient owner for a long series of disappointments to which in the ordinary course of things he was not really entitled. The withdrawal of Volodyovski, in consideration of his absolutely prohibitive weight, was a most admirable step, and I have no doubt that if Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. "Kincaid" had exercised the same wise discretion with regard to Epsom Lad and San Toi the result would have been very much more satisfactory. It is all very well to say that the modern horses should emulate the feats of the horses of old, but, unfortunately, they cannot. Modern systems of training have, to a very great extent, altered the constitution and capability of the thorough-bred, and if the thorough-bred was a nervous animal originally (when I say "originally" I go back some 200 years), his nerves are far more sensitive at the present time. And here the law of compensation asserts itself prominently. Pessimists declare that the modern race-horse lacks the staying power of his ancestor, but at the same time they fail to realise that races are run at a much faster pace than they were formerly, and that a greater amount of exertion is required of him in the same space of time. I also believe that transit by train, has a distinctly detrimental effect upon most horses. But that is a question which can be more profitably discussed in the winter of our discontent, when the steeplechasing season is dragging out its weary length and reversals of form are so frequent that any comment upon them becomes impossible, and therefore discoursing of general topics is the only resort left to the sporting writer.

I cannot bring myself to believe in the success of the Folkestone Meeting, either commercially or otherwise. There are so many adverse influences which combine together to prejudice its prosperity. First and foremost the distance from London to Folkestone is too great in comparison with Hurst Park, Kempton, and Sandown, and even the heroic self-sacrifice of the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railway in offering to carry passengers free of charge proves unavailing. In addition to this, the course has been laid out to the worst advantage, and the position of the stands, and, indeed, the accommodation of the stands generally, leaves very much to be desired. I do not suggest for one moment that the enterprise will collapse in the near future, but I think that Messrs. Pratt and Co. would be well advised to cease flinging a horse which is in the last stages of consumption.

A FAMOUS RACE-HORSE.

IF ever a sire has had a triumphant progress from the first moment that he qualified as a stallion, that sire is St. Simon. Standing as he does head and shoulders above most of the other horses, he sweeps the board in a magnificent way worthy of his Royal owner. It is but a few weeks since we published a reproduction of Mr. F. Earl's picture of Volodyovski. Since then we have had occasion to write about Florizel II. at some length, and now we have another St. Simon, Doricles, by St. Simon out of Rosalie, who is therefore a half brother to the winner of the Derby, and who throughout the season has been very closely connected with him, besides being able to claim the distinction of beating him in the St. Leger; but



From a painting by

DORICLES.

T. P. Earl.

whether he accomplished this on his merits, or whether the eccentric tactics of Lester Reiff did not materially contribute to his success, is one of those problems of racing which can never be solved. Taking his running throughout the season, we find that it has been consistently good, and not always free from the influence of bad luck. Second to Handicapper in the Two Thousand, second to William III. in the Newmarket Stakes, third in the Derby, he was once more unfortunate in the St. George's Stakes, in which he was beaten by Fortunatus, and he did not gain his first victory this year until comparatively late in the season at Brighton, when he won the Brighton Cup in good style from Sabrinetta and Royal George; but from this time onwards he knew not failure. Disposing of such second-class animals as Andrea Ferrara and Martial Law in the Champion Breeders' Stakes, he enrolled himself among the select number of winners of classic races by beating his half-brother Volodyovski, after a bumping finish, which resulted in a fruitless objection, and in which Revenue and Fortunatus were prominently concerned. Many people assert with confidence that, in the matter of excellence, there is but little to choose between Volodyovski and Doricles, but I think that their enthusiasm outruns their judgment, although it cannot be denied that he is a really good three year old as three year olds go this season. The excellent portrait we give of Doricles is from a painting by Mr. Earl which has just been finished for Mr. L. de Rothschild, by whose kind permission it is reproduced.

BUCEPHALUS.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE EVASIVE HARE.

THE hare has the reputation and the appearance of a fool, but sometimes his cunning amounts almost to intelligence. During a partridge drive the other day, when several hundred brace of birds were killed, only three hares were bagged, though several might be seen between the beaters and the guns each time. There was one hare in particular, conspicuous by reason of a white head and neck, which yet escaped several times. When first seen, he bolted in front of the beaters through some turnips, then turned abruptly at right angles till he reached the hedge. Slipping through this, he doubled back under cover, but, finding that the line of beaters extended into this field also, he again went off at right angles to the next hedge, and there repeated the same tactics. In another drive, the same hare was seen going like a steam-engine in front of the beaters till he reached a dip in the ground. What happened then no one could see, but he did not reappear on the other side, and he never reached the guns, though the line of beaters passed over the spot where he was last seen.

HIS CUNNING DEVICES.

Probably he took advantage of the depression in the ground, which was parallel to the lines of beaters and guns, to run along it until he reached the hedge of a cross road, where the friendly ditch may have enabled him to turn the flank of the guns. At any rate, we saw him again later in the day coming along at a great pace from the direction where gun-firing showed that another drive was in progress. He came straight along the middle of a field in which rows of wands on either side showed where the guns had been posted in previous drives. Presently he stopped and sat up, listening. Then he lolloped off towards the further hedge, but as soon as he came near the row of wands on that side he evidently smelt the danger that had been there, for he turned and bolted across the field. But on the other side also he came to the cartridge-strewn ground where the guns had stood; so he turned again, and bolted at right angles down the middle of the field, through the hedge, and obliquely across country beyond it.

GETTING THROUGH A HEDGE.

Now this hare was easily recognisable and conspicuous at any distance by his white head and neck, otherwise one would not have supposed it to be the same hare which escaped so cunningly three times in one day. But most driven hares seem to have tricks of flight, which would suggest the suspicion that so much display of beaters behind means danger in front. All hares, unless hard pressed, pause for an instant on reaching a hedge before committing themselves to a passage through it; and if they scent danger of any kind there, they will either bolt back or skip quietly down the hedge till they come to an unobjectionable aperture. It is interesting, too, as showing how hunters and hunted acquire similar instincts, that dogs and poachers halt in the same way at an opening in the hedge, to find out if possible what is on the other side before passing through.

PHASANT'S INTELLIGENCE.

An old cock pheasant has all the cunning of the hare, and runs almost as fast, to get beyond the zone of danger, if possible, before he rises. Perhaps the old hen pheasant may be as clever, but being so much less conspicuous, she may usually effect her escape without annoying the sportsman by letting him see her do it. But many shooters of experience hold that there is a great difference in the intelligence of male and female pheasants. They say, for instance, that in rising out of a covert the cock bird always avoids the branches of intervening trees, while the hen frequently blunders into them. I have often seen pheasants crash violently into trees, and though I can remember that some of them were hens, I certainly have no distinct recollection of seeing a cock bird in similar difficulty. There is, however, a distinct difference in the sound made by the wings of the two sexes in flight, the whirr of the male bird being much more metallic and resonant, inasmuch that anyone could learn to tell with eyes shut whether a rising pheasant was a cock or hen.

THE EFFECTS OF COLD.

After the gales of last week the inevitable "cold snap" came on the 15th, when the ground was hard with wind-frost and powdered white at intervals with hail, sleet, and snow. The birds, as always in such weather, drew in a closer ring round the shelter of the farm buildings, and on the marsh dykes the snipe became numerous and easily approached. Flocks of redpools also came, for the first time this year, to feed with larks and pipits, along the margin of high tide on the salt marshes. Here the sea always deposits a heaped-up line of the withered leaves of marsh plants, among which no doubt are many seeds;

for these salt-marsh plants naturally trust to the agency of the sea to carry their seeds wherever it can reach.

DIVERTED MIGRANTS.

But the cold weather, coming to us as it did with a north-west wind, brought no crowds of fresh migrants, as would have been the case had it come from the north-east. Before the advance of frost and snow, birds that have been bred in northern latitudes are obliged to move on; but the direction of the wind which brings the cold determines the line of their migration, and a continuance of cold north-westerly winds would no doubt carry the flocks of redwings, fieldfares, etc., which should come to us, away down Central Europe. But north-westerly winds rarely hold for long in autumn. Indeed, the reason why the British Isles are so rich in bird life in winter is probably that the cold winds usually come to us from the east or north-east. For the birds which are then compelled to leave Norway, Sweden, and Denmark find it easier to cross the North Sea with the wind in their favour than to work their way against it or across it into Central Europe. A meteorologist looking at the wind charts of past years could probably tell us accurately in which winter bird migrants had been numerous or the reverse.

THE HERON'S DEFENCE.

Last week I referred to the annoyance of our herons by the crowds of rooks, jackdaws, and hoodie crows which have taken up their winter quarters in a wood overhanging the trout stream. Since then I have watched the performance again; but this time the heron simply flew into the middle of an adjoining field of turnips and settled there, when all of his persecutors immediately departed, though for a little while a couple of gulls took up the game and made alternate swoops at his head. Have both the heron and his tormentors discovered that he is unassailable among the turnips? On the open grass a couple of hoodie crows will keep him on the dance by alternately threatening to tweak his toes from behind; and perhaps they recognise the danger of entangling themselves among the turnips and being run through with that rapier bill if they tried to play tricks with a heron whose legs were thus protected.

PUNISHMENT OF A POACHER.

Hérons do not suffer only from the various crows, for sometimes they bully each other unmercifully. One of them was fishing quietly one day under the broad shade of a beech overhanging a shallow pool which is always full of fish, when suddenly his attitude of philosophic expectancy changed to abject terror. With uncouth haste and raucous cries he made for the bank in ungainly flapping strides, and had just reached land when another heron alighted close to him, and began at once to jostle and strike at him with its bill. The assaulted one managed to parry the blows, but was all the while being driven sideways and backwards up the bank to the hedge, against which he was eventually forced, while the other appeared to get in several severe blows. Somehow the weaker bird managed at last to half tumble, half scramble over the hedge, and immediately flew away, when his assailant stalked slowly down to the water and began to fish at the spot whence he had ousted the other. Here was evidently a case of the punishment of a trespasser, but at one time it looked as if the death penalty was about to be inflicted.

E. K. R.

ON THE GREEN.

THERE is a certain pleasant irony in the remarks of a leader writer on golf in last week's issue of a contemporary. He speaks very kindly, in the first place, of the Badminton golf volume as an "admirable work," and goes on to observe that it and the like handbooks probably have done a great deal of harm to the average golfer. It would have been better for the average golfer to imitate the best examples, he says, than to teach himself out of a book. That is a wise dictum, but it is one that the writer will find insisted on both in the Badminton book itself and in several other handbooks. They justify—at least some of us hope they do—their existence by the fact that the great majority of golfers are not able to keep the good examples constantly in their eye. Moreover, I may say this, as being somewhat responsible for the Badminton golf book, that two men of my acquaintance, who formed their game entirely from the instructions given in the Badminton book, have very fine free styles indeed. I cannot admit for a moment that that "admirable work"—I fully endorse the epithet—is responsible for the crippling of swings.

Nor can I perceive that the writer of the article has been brought into habitual contact with many such cripples, for in a following paragraph he goes on to deplore the increasing tendency, as he calls it, to lay out links for the benefit of those who drive "200yds. or more." The "or more" is good, but it does not sound as if the writer had been keeping very crippled company. Indeed, I do not well know where he finds drivers of quite this calibre, nor does my own knowledge of links at all confirm his view that there is an increasing tendency to favour the long driver—even the normal long driver of, let us say, 180yds. or less. The tendency strikes me as being rather the other way, although I am probably in agreement with him in deeming the carries arranged for the St. George's Championship Vase at Sandwich more severe than equitable. But I know no other instance than this exceptional one. The green at which long driving has its most full value is the classic course of St. Andrews, but that is not on account of any modern tendency towards favouring the long driver. With his final remarks as to half-a-crown a day being ample for the services of an ordinary caddie I am in most thorough agreement.

The prevailing conditions of frozen fog have not been very pleasant for golf, and when the fog has been dense golf has been impossible, the ball being driven out of sight even by drivers educated on the Badminton book. The experience of driving at a fore-caddie dimly seen through a fog of the less than impossibly dense kind is a very curious one, and it is singular how much more easy it seems to be to drive straight when the dim figure in the distance is almost the only object that strikes your eye, than when there are all sorts of sights to distract it. That is all very well from the point of view (indistinct though it is) of the player, but it makes the situation so uncommonly lively for the fore-caddie that his office really ought to be a highly paid one, and, considering the risks, half-a-crown hardly seems adequate. The judgment of distance becomes an impossibility, as many a player found in the competition for the last autumn medal of the Royal and Ancient Club, when a heavy sea mist lay over all the course. Under the circumstances, Mr. Maxwell's win was the more creditable to him, for he has not a very intimate knowledge of the green, though it seems to be just good enough. I hardly think that anyone has ever before won both autumn and spring medals of the Royal and Ancient and of the Honourable Company in the same year.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

REMEMBER once hearing an eminent man say that at the Bar there was only one thing worse than failure, and that was success. If you failed, you had nothing to do; but if you succeeded too well, you had too much, and your life became a burden. Depreciatory remarks about their professions by successful practitioners are always to be received with caution; they are the means by which men try to blunt the edge of envy. That the life of a successful barrister is a burden is certainly not the impression one derives from the biography of the late Lord Chief Justice, which everybody is reading this week. He worked prodigiously hard, it is true, but he played hard also (in more senses than one), and each occupation gave zest to the other. He made, on the average of his best years, £17,000 a year at the Bar, and he enjoyed alike his earning and his spending. His biographer tells us, by the way, that, on the whole, Lord Russell was a gainer, and not (as irresponsible rumour used to have it) a loser by his tastes.

Russell's favourite distractions were card-playing and horse-racing. On one occasion, after a great case, the solicitor who instructed Russell went off for a counter-excitement, to play cards at the Portland Club. He had not been there long when Russell also appeared. His errand was the same. Russell would sometimes play cards all night; not go to bed till six in the morning and turn up in the Courts fresh and formidable as ever. What a physique he must have had! For the rest, Russell had the statesman's fondness for horse-racing. (Is it true, I wonder, that a certain Prime Minister of our own day once put off a Cabinet Council in the following terms: "The meeting must be on —, as — has to go to —, in order to see which of two quadrupeds moves the faster"?) The way in which Russell combined his work in the Courts with Newmarket and political meetings (his third form of recreation!) is astonishing. Mr. Barry O'Brien gives us a concrete instance. On Tuesday he was all day in Court, and in the evening went down to Newmarket. Wednesday he spent there, travelling in the late afternoon to Stowmarket, where he addressed a political meeting. He left by the night train, arriving in London at four in the morning, in time to prepare his cases for Thursday in Court. That afternoon he returned to Newmarket, and the next he came up to London. Saturday he was in Court. He went to Dublin for a funeral on Sunday, and at the opening of the Courts on Monday morning was once more in his place. What a life! But Russell had the strength to enjoy it to the full.

He was certainly short sometimes of temper. He hated flummery, and he expected everybody to be as quick in coming to the point as himself. He had strong views, and he showed little tolerance for what he considered stupidities. He was not one who suffered fools gladly, and as his vocabulary was as long as his temper was short, the words flew about like volcanic ashes. But, at the same time, Russell respected those who stood up to him, and listened carefully to all who had anything solid to put before him. I once had the interesting, but not entirely agreeable, privilege of being present at a consultation in Russell's chambers. The firm of solicitors instructing him in the case was not represented by its head. Russell thought that a wrong line had been taken in the previous proceedings. He discharged his views unmercifully upon those whom he supposed responsible for the advice. Presently the head of the firm came in. Russell repeated the gist of his views in language of equal conciseness and strength. The solicitor said: "I don't at all agree with you, Sir Charles; you are quite wrong." Russell was all attention, and in the end withdrew and modified his objections. But the subsequent history of the case showed that his first thoughts were best. I suppose the man who "stood up to" Russell most daringly was the late Joseph Biggar. Russell was his counsel in a breach of promise case. Biggar was dissatisfied with its conduct, and wrote and told Russell so. "Your cross-examination," he said, "was thoroughly inefficient. I have heard the late James Whiteside and Abraham Brewster cross-examine, and I must say that, compared with them, you are a very small man." Russell took this setting down in the best possible humour, but then Biggar was a fellow-Irishman. An omission I have noticed in Mr. O'Brien's excellent biography is that there is no reference to the encounters at the Mansion House between Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Gill. Judges when they endeavoured to assert themselves against the great advocate were not always successful. Mr. O'Brien tells a capital case in point. Russell had addressed the Bench with remarkable freedom and vigour. The judge (Mr. Justice Denman) said he could not trust himself to reprove the learned counsel then; he would refer to the matter at the meeting of the

Court next morning. The Court was crowded in anticipation of "a scene," and Mr. Justice Denman began in solemn tones: "Mr. Russell, I have now had the advantage of considering with my brother judge the painful incident" All ears were strained. Russell jumped up. "My Lord," he said, "I beg you will not say a word upon the subject, for I can honestly assure you that I have entirely and for ever dismissed it from my memory." Mr. Justice Denman had a sense of humour, and joined heartily in the laughter at this audacious turning of the tables.

Russell was no respecter of persons. He spoke to judges as he thought they deserved; likewise to calmen and others. On one of his bad days Russell called a cab, and after scanning closely (as was his wont) the horse and the man, he said, "A big, powerful man like you ought not to be driving a cab." "What the — is it to you," replied the cabman, "what I do? Get into the cab and mind your own business." Russell must have greatly respected that cabman. On another occasion Mr. O'Brien tells us that the late Lord Chief Justice threw out of the railway carriage the boots of a fellow-traveller with whom he had had words. Presently he apologised. The aggrieved traveller accepted the apology, and they then chatted away to their destination.

A certain hardness and dryness in Russell's oratory gave the additional piquancy of contrast to his emotional outbursts. No one who was in Court on the last day of Russell's speech before the Parnell Commission will ever forget the moving peroration: "I have spoken not merely as an advocate. I have spoken for the land of my birth." As he spoke he wiped away the tears. The tension in the crowded Court was very great. Afterwards, in places where cynics congregate, men said how well he acted. But it was not acting at all. It was, as it were, the fountain of the great deep—the long-suppressed emotion of a strong and passionate nature rising up to the surface.

Not the least interesting point in an excellent biography is the evidence which the author puts before us of the vein of sentiment, the goodness of heart, the sincere and unostentatious piety, that lay concealed behind the somewhat overbearing manner of the great counsel. That he was a keen politician, of deep convictions, was already common knowledge, and that he had a consuming passion for justice, and a high sense of public integrity, was shown to all the world by his conduct on the Bench and his efforts in the House of Lords.

One question has often occurred to me in reading Mr. O'Brien's book. So far as we learn from anything he tells us, Lord Russell never called him anything except "my friend," and never spoke except in the most homely accents. And yet Mr. O'Brien, intent on material for his present work, was for ever questioning and cross-questioning him. Has Mr. O'Brien told us all? We shall never know. That is the advantage the biographer has.

E. T. Cook.

W. E. H. & R. L. S.

IN the magazines for December the one paper that will above all others attract the attention of literary people is Mr. Henley's article on R. L. S. in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Our first impression on reading it is a curiously mixed one. That it would be "a blazing indiscretion" was to be taken for granted, but we cannot help regretting a certain bitterness that is more than indiscreet. We have to take that, too, as we find it. William Ernest Henley is a man whose emotions always run at full tide, and the bitterness here is not of the small malicious kind, but a product more than anything else of disappointed love. For the key to Mr. Henley's lament is that "R. L. S. the renowned, the accomplished, executing his difficult solo," was not "the Lewis that I knew and loved, and wrought for, and worked with so long." The Stevenson who brought the Balzacs to him in the hospital disappeared. "For me there were two Stevensons; the Stevenson who went to America in 1887, and the Stevenson who never came back. The first I knew and loved; the other I lost touch with, and, though I admired him, did not greatly esteem." And how close the intimacy was between them will appear from the following note, touched with the characteristic Henleyan recklessness, and with something of his characteristic manliness too: "I published his first sustained achievement in fiction; I procured him the first cheque for £100 he ever earned; I did my best for his works, in fact, till he asked me to take a commission of five per cent. on the receipts. Then Mr. Charles Baxter, an infinitely better business man than I, and with (I am sure he will agree) a far more marketable commodity to sell than I had, came on; and Stevenson, beginning with £1 a month from his parents, ended by spending something between £4,000 and £5,000 a year. How he spent it Heaven and Mr. Baxter alone knew." We may add that no one will learn it from the biographer; for, as Mr. Henley truly says, "The portrait is smooth and smiling and ladylike," but little more. It does not give us Stevenson as Henley knew him, or as the man was.

Let us see, then, what Mr. Henley adds. In COUNTRY LIFE for October 19th we quoted from the sonnet in which he describes his friend. In that sonnet occurs the line: "And something of the Shorter Catechist." This, Mr. Henley says, was an afterthought. "In those days he was in abeyance, to say the least, and if even then *il allait poindre à l'horizon* (as the composition in secret, and as if ashamed of 'Lay Morals,' persuades me to believe he did), I, at any rate, was too short-sighted to suspect his whereabouts. When I realised it I completed my sonnet, but this was not till years had come and gone, and the Shorter Catechist, already detested by more than one, was fully revealed to me." Of course one must know and understand Mr. Henley to see exactly what this implies, and why "the Shorter Catechist is too selfish and too self-righteous a beast for me."

His meaning is further expanded in the following searching glance into the very root of Stevenson's character: "At bottom Stevenson was an excellent fellow, but he was of his essence what the French call *personnel*. He was, that is, incessantly and passionately interested in Stevenson. He could not be in the same room with a mirror, but he must invite its confidences every time he passed it. To him there was nothing obvious in time and eternity, and the smallest of his discoveries, his most trivial apprehensions, were all by way of being revelations, and, as revelations, must be thrust upon the world. He was never so much in earnest, never so well pleased (this were he happy or wretched), never so irresistible as when he wrote about himself." And all that was bad he traces to Stevenson's visit to America in 1887. He draws an almost pathetic contrast between the Stevenson "who came to me in the old Edinburgh infirmary; the Stevenson I nursed in secret hard by the old Bristol Port till he could make shift to paddle the *Arethusa*, the Stevenson who stayed with me at Acton after selling *Modestina*, the Stevenson who booked a steerage berth to New York," and the Stevenson who came back "a married man and a Silverado squatter."

Of Stevenson as a talker we get this picture: "He shone in debate and he excelled in talk. But in both talk and debate he was strung to his highest pitch—alert, daring, of an inextinguishable gaiety, quick and resourceful to the highest degree; and to try a fall with him then was to get badly handled, if not utterly suppressed. But he was not averse from monologue—far from it; and I have sometimes thought that he ran his temperament too hard. Also was he what the world calls a wit? I do not think he was."

Of Stevenson the artist he refuses to say anything: "To tell the truth, his books are none of mine. I mean that if I want reading I do not go for it to the *Edinburgh Edition*. I am not interested in remarks about morals; in and out of letters I have lived a full and varied life, and my opinions are my own. . . . There is his style, you will say; and it is a fact that it is rare, and in the last times better, because much simpler than in the first. But, after all, his style is so perfectly achieved that the achievement gets obvious; and when achievement gets obvious is it not by way of becoming uninteresting?"

Perhaps, on the whole, the strongest passage in the article—and, coming from where it does, it is more than strong, it is heroic—is the contemptuous dismissal of those who would glorify Stevenson for toiling on in illness: "I have everywhere read that we must praise him now and always for that, being a stricken man, he would live out his life. Are we not all stricken men, and do we not all do that? And why, because he wrote better than anyone, should he have praise and fame for doing that which many a poor consumptive sempstress does, cheerfully, faithfully, with no eloquent appeals to God, nor so much as a paragraph in the evening papers?"

This is a doctrine consistently advocated by Mr. Henley, and, in fact, the whole article, extreme and bitter as it is in passages, full of what will be called bad taste, is, nevertheless, Mr. Henley in his most vigorous and virile mood. And the energy of the writing is deepened rather than otherwise by the passages of infinite tenderness, infinite regret, that fall with softening effect on it. Here is, all unconsciously, an advocate for biography as Carlyle would have had it written and as Froude wrote it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DO DOGS THINK?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some weeks ago a writer in COUNTRY LIFE told how a setter which had never taken water went into a lake to pick up a grouse which had fallen into it. This case of animal reason was quoted in the *St. James's Gazette*, and attracted a good deal of attention, which certainly it deserved. It brought to my mind what I think is an even more remarkable story. When my friend M. Camille Barrère—now French Ambassador at Rome—was French Minister at Munich, he often went out alone snipe-shooting on the banks of the Tsar. He had a valuable retriever, of which he was very fond, and which had never disobeyed his orders. But one winter's day, when the river was frozen over, the dog absolutely refused to go for a bird which had fallen on the ice. M. Barrère was rather angry, and, after urging the dog once or twice, he went on the

ice himself to pick up the snipe. Scarcely had he gone a few steps when the ice gave way, and only his presence of mind and the fact that he is an excellent swimmer saved his life. This anecdote shows that animals not only possess reasoning faculties, but that in many respects they are more observing and intelligent than men. I was once told by a student of St. Thomas Aquinas's that the Saint remarks that animals have keener perceptions than men, and supposes that the reason men have not these keen perceptions is that if they had them they would make bad use of them. I should be very glad if anyone would tell me in what part of St. Thomas's writings this passage occurs.—EVELYN MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

RED BALLAST FOR ROADS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I would strongly dissuade your correspondent from using the red ballast for his road. It is a material of no substance, and will not stand traffic. Frost disintegrates it, and when a thaw sets in you often find what was apparently a good hard surface converted into a puddle of red mud. The fine red colour, which is practically all it has to recommend it, soon gets dirtied if there is any traffic over it. Some years ago I used it throughout a large garden on a site where it was difficult to get good gravel, and where we had the clay on the ground for the digging and burning. My client liked it for its colour, and for this reason has not grudged the expense of renewing a good portion of it every spring, but in an ordinary case I am strongly against its use both on the ground of its eventual extravagance and lack of general suitability.—ROBERT WEBER SCHULTZ.

A PRIMITIVE FERRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue for October 19th I see an account of how ponies, etc., are ferried across the channel between Valencia Island and the mainland, and it may interest your readers to know that a similar custom exists at Barmouth in Wales. Although there is a bridge across the Mawddach, it is only used for the railway and for foot passengers. When I was there last summer but one I saw a donkey towed across by a sailing boat. The struggles of the donkey to keep out of the



water were hard and prolonged, but it had to give way, and the wind filling the sails, away they went as smoothly as possible.—G. L. PEDLEY.

[We have great pleasure in showing another illustration of a horse crossing the channel between Valencia Island and the mainland, which was omitted when Mr. Fitzgerald's letter was published.—ED.]

A LOADER'S LAMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was greatly interested in your article of a few weeks ago regarding loaders and what constituted a good loader. Being a loader myself of a out fourteen years' experience, and taking a keen interest in my work, it has always been my chief aim to be as smart as possible with the gun both in changing and reloading. The writer of the article thoroughly understood what he was writing about and what is required of a loader. He is evidently a keen sportsman, and expects his loader to be the same. I quite agree that the loader should always be on the alert, and practically his master's second eye; but my experience is that the loader as described in the article is a very scarce individual. I have often been struck at the want of keenness on the part of the majority of loaders I have met, and have gone to some trouble to get the views of loaders re their work. The answers have been various, but in the majority of cases the blame has been put on the gentlemen. One of the chief complaints is the impatience of some gentlemen. When a man is loading as quickly as possible, what is more galling than for a gentleman to be calling out, "Hurry up!" "Be quick!" and various other expressions rather more forcible than the above? No gentleman can expect the fastest loader to load as quickly as he can fire. Most good loaders have two cartridges between their fingers, so that a gentleman can have six shots as quick as he can shoot; but when the loader has to put his hand in his pocket or bag, a certain amount of time is lost. Then if one of the cartridges comes out wrong end up, which generally occurs at a critical time, it is not the loader's fault, as, put cartridges as carefully to hand as you can, they will move and turn about. This is most annoying to a loader, as a good deal of valuable time is lost in turning the cartridge; but much more time is lost when a gentleman keeps calling to his loader to be quicker. The man, knowing he is doing his best, after a time gets so used to being worried that he gets hardened, callous,

and loses his interest in the work. Another cause of a man losing his keenness is that, load as quick as he likes, call his master's attention to birds coming over which he otherwise would not have seen—a loader may have been in a hot corner, and instrumental by good loading in assisting his master to have a splendid stand—does he think of telling his loader that he loaded well? Very, very seldom. A little word of encouragement now and again makes a considerable difference to a man. Then, again, others say: "How can I keep keen and alert? Look at me trudging about with two guns, a driving stool, a hundred or a hundred and fifty cartridges, and a bundle of capes. My boss expects me to carry this load, climb hedges, jump dykes, walk as fast as he does carrying nothing, then appear as fresh as a daisy for loading." They say you can handicap a donkey to beat a race-horse—where does the handicapping come in here? But this is not all. More often than not after a hard day's loading a man is expected to dress and assist with the dinner where his master may be staying. In between this he has the guns, boots, etc., to clean, and valet his gentleman. These little extras make a fairly hard day for a man. The only objection the majority of men have to these extras is, they very seldom get a thank you from the gentleman whose house they may have been staying at. Having gone into the main reasons various loaders have given, I will give my opinion. Firstly, I may say I can give an unbiased opinion, as I have had the honour and pleasure of loading for a gentleman for the last thirteen years, and hope to continue loading for him as long as I am able, and have none of the above complaints to make. My master always treats me with consideration, and when out loading for him my chief object is to let him have his gun as quickly as possible, and to help him in every way to have a good day's sport. But all loaders are not so fortunate; therefore I would suggest that gentlemen should remember that loaders are human beings. A little kindly thought, such as carrying one of the guns, not to bustle him when loading—the man will be much quicker if let alone; then the host might on a doubtful day send a man specially to carry the coats and keep with the shooters all the time, the cart as a rule generally being some distance off when rain begins. Then, again, it would be a gracious act if the host made a rule of giving loaders a present of a brace of birds after the shoot. Such a kindness is greatly appreciated and amply repaid, as I can vouch for. My master always gives loaders a



present of game, and they are always very keen picking up and on the look-out when loading. One soon notices a difference when staying at places where a man may have been waiting table every night, in addition to loading, then not even a thank you.—A LOADER.

[Our correspondent is a genuine loader, whose portrait in that capacity has appeared in COUNTRY LIFE. We willingly allow him to ventilate his opinions.—ED.]

"BACK TO THE LAND."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Beneath these words, which have meant so much to those of us who love the work as well as the play of country life, I have to tell you a tale more pitiful than any I have heard these last two years, when sad tales have not been lacking to the people of England. Four miles from our door, upon the little farm where he had striven to make a living by such industries as poultry-keeping and fruit-growing, there died of starvation the other day a man who was an officer and a gentleman, even a man of family. The house was empty save for a bed, some packing-cases, and a chair or two; empty save for his wife and three little boys, aged six and two and nine months. Everything had been sold up (as I shall tell you), and for long their only fuel had been what this poor lady could gather at evening in the neighbouring copses. Our local doctor called in, and discovered circumstances so distressing that I dare not put them down; the immediate cause of death was softening of the brain. He did everything then possible, and told the neighbours, who at once, I need not say, came forward with food, clothing, and every necessary. Admission to a good Catholic school has been secured free for the eldest boy by an influential family near by (the widow is a Catholic), and all is being done that can be to ameliorate this bitter suffering, everyone feeling the keenest regret that help should come so late. Why did we not know of this case sooner? I have only to point to that pride, that reserve, that characterises Englishmen, and the thing is explained. We none of us knew this family at all; the little farm lies in a bit of country that has been sold in small portions, and settled by all kinds of people bitten with ideas of the simpler life and the charms of an existence which is to be supported directly from the soil. Little tin cottages dot the rather arid hillside, and hens range the coarse grass which seems the natural crop of that sour clay. From neighbouring farmers even this class of settler is removed, and looked upon, possibly, somewhat jealously by the professional agriculturist.

Some of these people, by dint of tenacious industry and much self-denial, do wring a livelihood out of it; if they do, it means that they work hard early and late, and are equipped with qualities which in any position in life command at least a moderate success. But others, not so equipped, glamourised by the unconscionable "statistics" some papers are willing to print and do print every week as to the "returns" and "profits" from scientific poultry-raising, scientific farming, and bush-fruit culture, starting without experience, after a bewildered struggle fly back (if they can) to the small clerkships they may have left so hopefully, or remain and proudly starve, as did this poor gentleman, Captain de Wilton, late of the Yorkshire Light Infantry. Sir, as I rode this summer by a lane I had never previously followed I came upon a neat little house with trees in front of it, and my eye was arrested by the familiar signs of a sale proceeding. There was that gathering of nondescript vehicles with horses tethered to the hedge, that clustering of mysterious and furtive individuals in groups; the windows were open, and the furniture and belongings, beginning as it always does with a scrap-heap of old iron, and ending with the dining-room suite, in a long line upon the lawn. I dismounted, put my horse in the stable, and strolled about in that idle, unthinking curiosity which overtakes one at sales. I enquired the name of the owner of this place. Mr. de Wilton, I was told. It conveyed nothing to me. I had never heard it before. There was nothing I wanted to buy, but my gaze lingered—alas! how unintelligently—upon the military chests of drawers and old kit-bags that bespoke an officer's belongings. I paused only to notice, tied to a tree, a large black retriever dog, rather white about the muzzle, rather gone as to the teeth. The beast was evidently a petted, much-loved creature, and it shocked me inexpressibly to see "Lot 209" upon a ticket on his collar. I lingered over that dog. He was old, and I did not like to think of his possible fate. Who buys old dogs? I knew I ought to buy him and give him at least a cared-for finish to his life, but remembering my four or five dogs at home and the tendency I have to acquire useless animals, I actually told myself that I must be wise and *not* buy him. I rode away. Again, alas for wisdom! Since that time I have been but little in the country, and I was as filled with horrified surprise as anyone when this tragedy supervened. You will agree with me, I know, Sir, that it is no time to enquire into the character of this poor soldier. He died ingloriously. Why he failed—what does it matter? Did he show less courage than his manly comrades of the Yorkshire Light Infantry who helped to keep the ridge in Benson's battle? I do not think so. But anyhow, that any English gentleman should so die amongst the lovely hills of our sweet south country, is it not terrible? There are the widow and two children still to be provided for. All the neighbours are eagerly helping, but a considerable effort must be made. Here, then, is a genuine opportunity for charity of the best kind. Will any of your readers help? A subscription list has been opened, and donations may be addressed to Henry Norman, M.P., Alton, Hants. They will be very warmly acknowledged.—MENIE MURIEL NORMAN.

THE CAMELLIA FRUIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you herewith a photograph of the camellia fruit, which I imagine is rather a rarity in this country. Two of my camellia trees, planted against the back wall of the vineries, have produced five fruits between them, a thing that has never happened in my garden before, although the trees are over ten years old. On maturing, the fruit split at the end into three sections; these curled back and exposed the large bean-shaped seeds, which in time fell off into bags I had placed under them. The colour of the fruit was the same green as the leaves, tinged with brown on the cheeks. I should like much to know if this is an unusual occurrence; if so, possibly you might like to reproduce the photograph in your interesting paper.—FRANK D. BROCKLEHURST.

ENCOURAGING ROOKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A new rookery has established itself in a group of chestnut trees just below our drawing-room windows. This is the third season, and the number of nests in which eggs have been hatched has increased to eleven. We believe that feeding the rooks on the lawn, during the hardest part of the winter, for some years past has tempted them away from other rookeries in the parish, and caused this most interesting new settlement. The recipe is, at all events, an easy one for "Tudor" to try.—C. M. BOTT.

REMISS AUTHORITIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you advise me in your valuable paper what I had better do under the following circumstances: On Saturday, September 28th, 1901, a person posted a brace of pheasants, with only a label attached to them, through the Fishguard Post Office. When this became known to me I reported the whole thing to the Inland Revenue officer and to the police. Enquiries were made by the Inland Revenue officer, who found out, by degrees, that the sender purchased the pheasants from a publican in the country, and the publican confessed that she *had* bought them from a poacher for two pints of beer each and resold them for 4s. to the sender. The poacher admitted that he killed them and was very sorry for it, and said that he would never do the like again. I understand now that the Inland Revenue authorities do *not* intend taking any proceedings, but say it is a matter for the police to deal with. The police, on the other hand, say it is a case or question for the Inland Revenue. So, apparently, between the two nothing will be done. It seems very hard on sportsmen in this district that such a flagrant case of poaching and exposing game out of season should be allowed to go unpunished. I am no chicken, as I have taken out sixty-six game certificates.—JOHN WORTHINGTON.

[Mr. Worthington, known to us as a thorough sportsman, has been badly treated. He will, however, have effected something by this exposure of the slackness of the authorities. Beyond that we can suggest nothing except a private prosecution, which it ought not to be difficult to engineer.—ED.]